

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 807

MAY 16, 1885

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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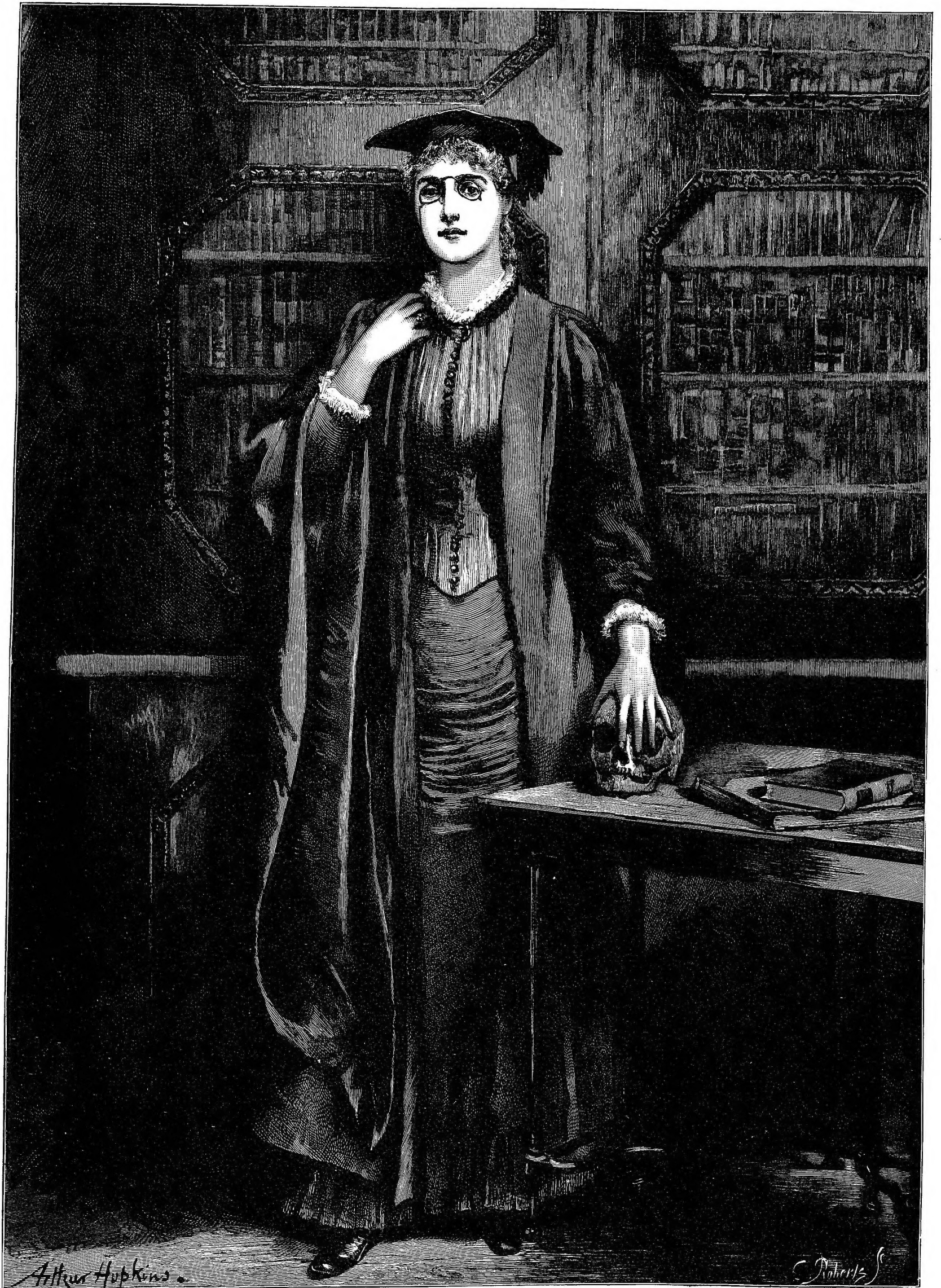
THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 807.—Vol. XXXI.
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DE LUXE

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1885

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE
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A LADY B.A. OF LONDON UNIVERSITY

Topics of the Week

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA.—The debate in the House of Lords on the relations between England and Russia was one of the best discussions that have been heard in Parliament for some time. The Duke of Argyll spoke with striking ability, and the speeches of those who followed him were without exception remarkably impressive. About the importance of the connection between England and India there was not the faintest sign of hesitation. Peers on both sides were agreed that questions relating to the integrity of the Empire are beyond the range of party politics, and that if India were in danger all Englishmen would unite in the resolute determination to protect it from aggression. At the same time, nothing was said of which Russians could justly complain. It was admitted that the advance of Russia in Central Asia had been inevitable; and there seemed to be a general opinion that her "mission" might be as beneficent in its own way as that of England is in a different way. It may be hoped that this moderate tone will be maintained not only in the House of Lords but by all English politicians. We must take good care that Russia shall not be able to conquer India if she should ever attempt to do so; but we do not promote our own interests by charging her with intentions and motives which she herself repudiates. On the contrary, by accusing her of cherishing aggressive designs, we do our best to make the establishment of good relations between the two countries impossible. Russia may be less ambitious than she has hitherto seemed to be; and if she does not really want India, there can be no reason why we should not be on as friendly terms with her as with the United States.

SURRENDER IN THE SOUDAN.—That it is a surrender, no one can deny. But in case any of us should forget it, the Continental Press very good-naturedly dwells upon the fact. England has been foiled, as King Cambyses was foiled centuries ago, by the scorching sun and burning sands of Ethiopia. If this, however, were all, there would be little in the matter to be ashamed of. The damning disgrace of the blow we have received lies in the fact that it is due to our preternatural imbecility and mismanagement. Viewed by the light of subsequent events, it is probable that our interference in the domestic affairs of Egypt was a mistake; we ought to have refrained from deposing Ismail or suppressing Arabi; but, having done these high-handed things, and prostrated the so-called "rebels" at Tel-el-Kebir, we ought to have acted as masters of the country, instead of trying to shift our responsibility on to the puppet-Khedive, Tewfik. All subsequent calamities may be traced to this double-dealing. We would neither rule the country ourselves nor let the Khedive rule it. When the Egyptian expeditions were being prepared to relieve the Soudan garrisons, we ought either to have forbidden them to march, or have strengthened them with such a leaven of British soldiers as would have ensured safety, if not victory. Later on, when Gordon started for the Soudan, he went as a messenger of peace; yet, owing to the vacillating policy of the Government, at one time apathetic, at another mischievously active, this man, although justly regarded as a Christian hero, has been the cause, both before and since his death, of terrible bloodshed and misery. Last year, after General Graham had fought the two bloody battles of Teb and Tamanieb, he could, with adequate support, have advanced upon Khartoum. But he was ordered to retire, and so all the blood was shed in vain. Some months later, the public mind became excited, and a cry went forth that an attempt should be made to release Gordon. The elaborate but tardy Nile Expedition was the result. It reached its destination just too late. Gordon was dead. The public mind being still excited, the Downing Street imbeciles strove to appease it by an expedition from Suakim to "smash the Mahdi," and build a railway to Berber. This adventure also is now to be abandoned, and we are to gather up the fragments of War's sanguinary feast, and bring them away as speedily as we can. No previous Ministry of this century has involved the country in such a horrible imbroglio. The reason is not far to seek. Instead of striving to do that which they believe to be just and right, Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues are always following that deceptive will-o'-the-wisp, public opinion. Hence their alternate hot and cold fits. One day they are fire-eaters; the next they are for peace at any price.

DRINKING CLUBS.—The Government have decided, after very careful inquiry, that "sufficient ground" has not yet been shown for interfering with the so-called workmen's clubs which, in many of our larger towns, do more harm than all the public-houses and gin-palaces put together. These dens are in reality unlicensed drinking-shops, beyond the surveillance of the police, and privileged to serve their members at any hour, day or night. The subscription is generally a shilling or half-a-crown per annum, and that being paid, there is no sort of check on the bibulous disposition of a member except the extent of his funds. In many cases gambling and betting privileges are thrown into the bargain, while in the matter of bad language the "troops in Flanders" were never more at liberty. All these facts are patent and notorious; Liverpool has cried out against them for a long

time, and her lamentation has met with quick echo from Manchester. Yet the Home Secretary gives assurance that, in the opinion of the Government, there still lacks something to make out a case for legislative interference. What is it? We cannot imagine that any doubt exists in the Ministerial mind as to the existence of these boozing dens, as to their rapid multiplication, or as to their exceeding harmfulness. That theory being untenable, the conjecture presents itself that the one thing lacking may be Ministerial willingness to initiate legislative action. The General Election is close at hand, and even the goodwill of shebeen keepers and their customers is precious to British statesmen. We can only hope that as soon as the contest is over, the next Home Secretary, whoever he may be, will discover "sufficient ground" for the suppression of an evil which, in many parts of the Kingdom, is corrupting working-class morality at lightning speed.

ENGLISH CONCESSIONS.—The precise character of the draft arrangement which has been submitted to the Czar by the Russian Ambassador in London will not, of course, be known until the Russian Government has arrived at a final decision on the matter. We already know, however, that great concessions have been made by England; and we shall probably find that Russia has obtained all, or nearly all, that she originally demanded. The fact that the Indian Government approves of what has been done seems to indicate that nothing has been given up which the highest authorities on the subject hold to be of vital importance; and if this should prove to be the case, Mr. Gladstone will certainly not be condemned by the majority of the English people for having dealt in a conciliatory spirit with the question in dispute. A war with Russia would be so terrible a calamity that it could be justified only if there were no other way of protecting the national honour or of securing the safety of India. But the country will have good reason to complain of the manner in which the Government carried on this controversy in its earlier stages. It is evident that they were very imperfectly informed as to the nature of the territory which the Russians wished to annex, and as to the real opinions of the Ameer. Had they known what they know now, there need never have been any talk about war. The Czar would have obtained his new frontier without the slightest difficulty, and the enemies of England would not have been jeering at her to-day as a humiliated and decaying Power. How does it happen that English statesmen take so little pains to find out in good time the exact facts about matters which may at any moment demand their most serious attention? This question has often puzzled foreign politicians, and it is likely to puzzle them more and more when they reflect that we have been brought to the verge of a frightful conflict by sheer carelessness on the part of our rulers.

RIEL'S REBELLION.—The result of General Middleton's operations have hitherto been fairly satisfactory. It is true that during the first attack on Riel's position at Batoche he was unable to drive the enemy from their rifle-pits. But he succeeded in a subsequent assault, and the prisoners who had been captured by Riel were safely rescued. Battleford, also, has been relieved. It does not follow, however, that the revolt is about to collapse. Indeed, the real difficulty of the campaign is only beginning, for henceforward the fighting will have to be done in the woods, where the Indian tactics and excellent marksmanship of the rebels will stand them in good stead. And, even if the outbreak should be confined to the half-breeds and a few Indian tribes, the cost of suppressing the revolt will be a heavy charge on the resources of the Dominion, the population of which, although prosperous, is by no means wealthy. But there is some risk of further complications. The American Fenians are always ready for any anti-British enterprise; they have already supplied arms, and, if they dared, they would probably cross the frontier in force. Far more formidable than this, however, is the sympathy undoubtedly shown by the French-speaking population for their half-breed kinsmen. In Eastern Canada persons of French descent form the majority, and, if they were actively to sympathise with the rebels, the quarrel would rise to the dignity of civil war. All the more reason, therefore, for investigating and extinguishing the genuine grievances of the men who are now in arms against the Government. The Americans are watching the contest with no small interest, for some of them hope that Canada, if sorely pressed, may elect to jump into the arms of Uncle Sam, and become his lawful partner ever after.

THE NEW EGYPTIAN FRONTIER.—There is one advantage, at all events, in narrowing the boundaries within which Egypt is to be confined for the future; they can be easily defended against the warrior tribes of the Soudan. With a powerful reserve at Assouan, and both Wady Halfa and Korosko strongly and efficiently fortified, it would be simply impossible for the Soudanese to penetrate into Egypt Proper. If they tried to do so by the Nile route, they would be brought to a standstill by the guns of Wady Halfa. If they essayed a march across the Abu Hamed desert—a formidable undertaking in itself for any large body—they would find themselves face to face with the batteries of Korosko at the end of their exhausting journey. In either case they would have to sit down to a regular siege before advancing any further, and, splendidly as the Arabs carry themselves in the open field, they are very babes and sucklings at siege opera-

tions. From the time of Hicks Pasha's overthrow until now, they have not captured a single fortified place by assault. Tokar and Khartoum finally fell by treachery, after enduring long sieges; Sinkat, although very poorly fortified and weakly garrisoned, withstood all of Osman's Digma's attacks until starved out; Suakim, Kassala, Senheit, and Senaar, defied the enemy successfully. If, then, these poorly-fortified towns, with their wretched ordnance, were too hard nuts for the Soudanese to crack, what chance would they have against fortresses on the European model, armed with great guns, Nordenfelts, Gatlings, and all the other latest contrivances for killing men quickly and pleasantly? Another advantage of bringing back the frontier is that reinforcements can be got to the front in a much shorter time. Our Nile Expedition did not practically begin its journey until after leaving Wady Halfa; had Gordon been beleaguered there instead of at Khartoum, he could have been rescued by the middle of last September.

LOCAL AND IMPERIAL BURDENS.—Party politicians looked forward with much excitement to the division on the motion of Sir Massey Lopes. It was thought that the occasion might be one of supreme importance, and there was even a rumour that the Government would be well pleased to find itself in a minority. The debate, however, proved to be a very mild affair, and the motion was rejected by a considerable majority. This result was due in part to the fact that Mr. Gladstone made an important concession, increasing the sum which is to be granted from Imperial funds for the relief of local burdens in connection with the expenses of registration in elections. The most effective argument, however, was that the question raised by Sir Massey Lopes involved issues which could not be satisfactorily dealt with by the present Parliament. Every one admits that there is urgent need for reform in the relation between local charges and Imperial charges. The subject is one of vast importance, not only to landowners and farmers, but to the community at large; but it can be properly settled only when the whole system of county government is placed on a new basis. So complicated a problem could not be solved by a moribund Parliament. The nation will, indeed, have reason to congratulate itself if a perfectly adequate solution is provided even by the Parliament which is to be elected in November.

MR. GLADSTONE AS A PROPHET.—Speeches are dangerous weapons—sometimes they are afterwards quoted against the speaker. Such utterances are usually cited by adversaries for the purpose of showing that the speaker is inconsistent, and that his opinions now are not the same as they used to be. To this, however, he may reasonably retort that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday. Indeed, Mr. Gladstone is quite callous to this kind of criticism, because having, during the last thirty-five years, run over the entire gamut of politics, from unbending Toryism to the most elastic Radicalism, there are very few of his ancient utterances by which he would consent to be bound now. During the debate on Monday night, however, that *enfant terrible*, Lord Randolph Churchill, unearthed a far more effective weapon from the Hansard armoury, which ought, and perhaps did, pierce the joints of the Premier's harness. Lord Randolph quoted a terse piece of invective, hurled by Mr. Gladstone against the Beaconsfield Administration in 1880, and evidently modelled on Mr. Disraeli's famous "blundering and plundering" letter of six years before. But the present interest of this elegant little piece of the Premier's composition lies in the fact, as Lord Randolph took care to point out, that Mr. Gladstone has in it accurately and precisely foreshadowed the misdoings of his own Ministry. The resemblance is so remarkable, that at the first glance we thought Lord Randolph was speaking in his own person. Thus Mr. Gladstone has attained to the honours of a Prophet. Perhaps he may also remember the old proverb, that "Curses, like chickens, come home to roost."

THE GOOD VESTRYMAN.—Sir Richard Cross's advice to metropolitan ratepayers calls to mind the famous culinary injunction, "First catch your hare." At Whitsuntide, the elections for several important Vestries take place, and he urges those who have votes and influence to do all in their power to secure the return of high-class candidates. The counsel is good; it would require a most indurated parochial conscience to pretend that the enormous power for good or evil which is in the hands of the Vestries has been properly used. There are, of course, exceptions to the rule, but the average Vestryman does not impress people with a sense of his being exceptionally intelligent, wide-minded, or cultured. He generally possesses some routine business qualifications, and in matters of that sort he is a useful body enough. But the moment it comes to some question of enlarged human sympathy or of general public utility, the average Vestryman rolls himself up, so to speak, and becomes as bristly as a hedgehog. He is, moreover, a confirmed wrangler, and his contentious spirit, refining on the Disraeli saying, considers personality an ornament to debate. But while admitting all this, we do not see how a better man is to be obtained for a post which confers neither honour, dignity, nor remuneration on its occupant. It is just there where the gist of the whole matter lies. The present Vestryman does experience a sense of enhanced importance from the office he fills; the one Sir Richard Cross has in his mind would be apt to feel it a degradation. Is it reasonable to expect, then, that the

latter will show the same eagerness in competing for Vestry rank as the former? In provincial towns the pride of citizenship operates beneficially, but in the metropolis we know not the pride of citizenship, except as an abstract quality appertaining to Aldermen and Lord Mayors.

"GOING TO THE DOGS."—It is to be hoped that the intelligent foreigner does not take quite seriously all that Tory politicians have for some time been saying about the position of England. If he does he must think that we are in a very bad way indeed. Some Conservatives seem almost to delight in the notion that their country is being degraded and humiliated. They are never tired of asserting that we are universally hated, that we are covered with dishonour, and that we have neither a navy nor an army worth speaking of. It is even hinted that the time may soon come when a second Gibbon will have an opportunity of writing the history of the Decline and Fall of the British Empire. Now, everybody in England knows that there is not much fire behind all this smoke. The Liberals spoke in exactly the same way when the Tories were in power; and what the Liberals meant was that they very much disliked Lord Beaconsfield, and thought he was doing, or might do, some rather serious mischief. The Conservatives, in like manner, mean only that they dislike Mr. Gladstone, and that he has committed a great many foolish mistakes. They know perfectly well that England is as strong as she ever was, and they would be very much surprised if a Frenchman were to tell them that "the home of freedom, the mother of Parliaments," has been ruined by the blunders of their rivals. Would not political controversy be quite as effective if it were carried on without these silly exaggerations? Here they do no particular harm; but abroad they convey a wholly false impression—an impression not less mischievous than that which is created sometimes by the advocates of peace at any price.

NEW RECREATION GROUNDS.—Seeing that, as Bishop Temple told us the other day, the population of a city as large as Exeter is added every year to the metropolis, it is high time to make some provision that, as the radius of brick-and-mortar extends outwards, a certain percentage of it should be rescued from the builders, and devoted to grass and foliage. There are this week two items of interest published on this subject. First, we regret to learn that, on the ground of the alleged unsuitability of the site, the Corporation of London have declined to buy from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners 94 acres of land at Kilburn offered for the sum of 117,500/. In such a matter as this people cannot be pickers and choosers, and if this chance is allowed to slip by, the odds are that Kilburn will be for ever parkless. On the other hand, we rejoice to read that the Corporation have accepted the Ecclesiastical Commissioners' offer of Gravel-Pit Wood at Highgate, an area of 69 acres, and we wish, with Mr. H. R. Williams, of Highgate, a gentleman who takes much interest in this question, that the same body could see their way to buy from the Commissioners the adjacent Churchyard Bottom Wood, which contains 50 acres, and which, with its above-named congener, would bestow on the public for ever an unrivalled woodland tract of 120 acres. But it is poor policy to wait until some benevolent millionaires make a present of their pleasure-grounds to the public. While thus waiting, the opportunity may be lost. We believe that the public are quite willing to pay for these boons, if there were any efficient machinery in existence for so doing. Why cannot the present Parliament (moribund though it be) pass a short Act empowering either the City Corporation or the Board of Works to levy rates for the purpose of purchasing land for recreative purposes? In such matters London should be treated as a whole, the benefit applies to all, and the inhabitants are so migratory that a man's interest is not confined to any special district. Heavily rated as we are, there is no additional tax which the average Londoner would pay more cheerfully than one for ensuring that some of his favourite Sunday and holiday walks should be saved from the clutches of the builder.

A CAUCUS ANATHEMA.—The friends of that clever Yankee invention, the Caucus, would indignantly deny, no doubt, that it ever resorts to the methods of coercion which used to be practised by Trades Unions. Its way of proceeding is purely "organisation"; whatever strength a party possesses is drilled and disciplined and marshalled and made the most of, so that every unit of force shall be available in battle. But intimidation is never resorted to; moral suasion always suffices to produce unity of action. It must therefore have been entirely by mistake that an unedifying paragraph slipped into a leading article, published last Tuesday morning by the *Birmingham Daily Post*, the chief Caucus journal in the kingdom, and which is believed to sometimes derive inspiration from Mr. Chamberlain himself. Dealing with the debate which was about to take place on Sir Massey Lopes' motion on the Registration Bill, our contemporary declared that great anxiety was felt "as to the conduct of certain Liberal members, who are disposed to go wrong upon this question of local taxation." By "going wrong" it was probably meant that the black sheep in question presumed to have ideas of their own which did not square with Caucus conceptions. Not a very deadly offence, one might imagine, in a member of the party which prides itself on upholding individual independence. Mark

what follows, before jumping to that conclusion. "If they vote against the Government, or if by abstaining from voting they permit the Government to be defeated, they will have a heavy account to settle with their constituents; and not one of them should ever be permitted to go back to the House of Commons for a Liberal constituency." If this be not intimidation, and of the worst kind, too, that ugly word would not properly apply to a threat from a workman on strike to "do for" some former chum who had refused to come out.



LYCEUM THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.
TO-NIGHT (SATURDAY) and on Monday, THE BELLS. Matthias, Mr. Henry Irving. LOUIS XI. on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, May 19, 20, and 21. Louis XI., Mr. Henry Irving. Performance commences at 7.45. OLIVIA in preparation. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst), open daily from 10 to 5.
SPECIAL NOTICE.—Mr. Irving begs respectfully to announce that in accordance with a generally expressed wish on the part of the public, he has determined to restore from Monday next, May 18, the Lyceum Pit and Gallery to the old form.—LYCEUM.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager.—THIS EVENING at 7.30, THE SILVER KING (Last Four Nights), by Henry A. Jones and Henry Herman, produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Characters by Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Willard, Speakman, Cooper, Doone, Walton, Huntley, Fulton, Bernage, Gurth, De Solla, Foss, &c., and George Barrett. Medea, Mrs. Huntley, Dickens, Cook, &c., and Miss Eastlake. Doors open at 7. Box Office 9.30 till 5. No fees. Prices.—Private Boxes, One to Nine Guineas; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 3s.—LIGHTS O' LONDON (by G. R. Sims), in preparation for revival on SATURDAY, May 23.—Business Manager, Mr. J. COBBE.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.—Mrs. LANGTRY.
Sole Proprietor, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE.
Season under the direction of Mr. HENRY E. ABBEY.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.45, the successful Play, in Four Acts, adapted from Sardou's "No. 13, Rue de la Harpe," by E. C. Stephenson and Clement Scott, entitled PERIL. Characters by Mr. Coghlan, Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Everill, Mr. Carne, Mr. Crisp, Mr. Weathersby, Mr. Grattan, and Mr. Thornbury; Mrs. Arthur Sterling, Miss Annie Rose, and Miss Dacre, and
MRS. LANGTRY.
Doors open at 7.15; PERIL at 8.45. Preceded by, at 7.30, NINE POINTS OF THE LAW, by Tom Taylor. Carriages at Eleven. Box Office open daily from Eleven till Five. No fees. Telephone 3,709.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. LANE.—EVERY EVENING, at SEVEN, the Great Moral Drama, DRINK. Mr. GEORGE CONQUEST as COUPEAU. Misses Elise Grey, D'Almaine, Howe, Morgan, Pettifer; Messrs. Algernon Syms, Steadman, Stephen, Newbound, Lewis, Reynolds, &c. Concluding with OUR OLD HOUSE AT HOME. Mr. J. B. Howe. In consequence of prior arrangements on Whit Monday DRINK must positively be withdrawn after Saturday, May 23.

INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, South Kensington, 1885. PATRON: H.M. the QUEEN
PRESIDENT: H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.
Division 1, INVENTIONS. Division 2, MUSIC.
NOW OPEN.
Admission to the Exhibition, 1s. Every Week Day, except Wednesday, when it is 2s. 6d. EVENING FETES. Illuminated Fountains, and Gardens lighted every evening by many thousands of Electrical Glow Lamps. Special Evening Fetes Wednesdays and Saturdays.
INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, 1885.

INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, Group 13, No. 106.—Dr. HARRY LOBB'S system of Medical Electrization. Batteries, Conductors, &c. Curative Electricity free by post 13 stamps, from Dr. LOBB, 66, Russell Square, London.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.—Mr. AMBROSE AUSTIN'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT, This Day, Saturday, May 16th, at three o'clock. Madame Albani and Madame Trebelli, Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley; violin, Senor Sarasate. Orchestra and chorus of 300 performers. Conductors, Mr. W. G. Cusins and Mr. Sydney Taylor. Boxes, 4s. 2s. to 44s.; tickets, 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s. 4s., 2s. 6d., and 1s. at the Royal Albert Hall, and at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall. Tickets sent on receipt of P.O.O. or stamps.

HENGEL'S GRAND CIRQUE.—HORSE TAMING by PROFESSOR H. SAMPLE. The Scientific American Horse Tamer, after a successful tour round the world, has the honour of announcing his arrival in London, where he intends to hold his opening Exhibition, and deliver his Scientific Lecture on the Horse, in that grand and magnificent building known as Hengel's Circus, Argyl Street, W. (which the Professor has leased for the purpose). TO-DAY SATURDAY, MAY 16th. The Professor will be assisted by Professor SYDNEY GALVAYNE, the Australian Horse Tamer, who has lately been teaching the Sample system with such unbounded success. Exhibitions daily, at 3.0 and 8.0 o'clock. Doors open at 2.15 and 7.15. Prices of admission, 2s. 6d., 1s., and 7s.; private boxes, 2s. 2s. Fees of instruction, 25s. Box office open daily from 12.0 to 4.0.

HORSE SHOW, ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL, LONDON.—Entries close May 25. Show opens June 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12. The Principal Railway Companies grant special facilities in connection with this Show. Price lists and forms of entry may be obtained on application to R. VENNOR, Secretary. Offices: Barford Street, Liverpool Road, Islington. Royal Agricultural Hall Co., Limited.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS' NEW AND ATTRACTIVE ENTERTAINMENT
EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT.
MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and SATURDAYS, THREE and EIGHT. Tickets, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 2s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No fees of any description. Tickets and Places can be secured at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, from 9.30 till 6.30.

CORPORATION OF LIVERPOOL.
AUTUMN EXHIBITION OF PICTURES in OIL and WATER COLOURS.
The above Exhibition will be opened in the WALKER ART GALLERY on MONDAY, May 19th, 1885.
RECEIVING DAYS, AUGUST 1st to 14th INCLUSIVE.
Forms and all information may be obtained on application to CHARLES DYALL, Curator.

THE GORDON MEMORIAL FUND PICTURE, THE LAST WATCH.
On MONDAY at PALL MALL
Opposite Marlborough House.

HER MAJESTY'S
DRAWING-ROOM.
BUCKINGHAM
PALACE.
Painted by F. SARJEANT, 1885. This Historical Picture depicts the ceremony of a Presentation at Court in the present time. It contains portraits from special sittings of Her Majesty, their R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other Members of the Royal Family, the Court, Leading Ladies of Society, Ambassadors, Ministers, &c. On view at 175, New Bond Street, 10 till 6. Admission 1s.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.
THE HUNDRED and THIRD EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, 5, Pall Mall East, from Ten till Six. Admission, One Shilling. Catalogue, One Shilling.
ALFRED D. FRIPP, R.W.S., Secretary.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—Doré's LAST GREAT PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. Now on VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM, and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

"ANNO DOMINI" by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This Great Work is NOW ON VIEW, together with other Important Works, at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond Street. Ten to six. Admission 1s.
ZEUXIS AT CROTONA. By EDWIN LONG, R.A.
I. "THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY." II. "THE CHOSEN FIVE." These Two New Pictures, with "ANNO DOMINI" and other works, ON VIEW at 168, New Bond Street. Ten to six. Admission, One Shilling.

NEW ENGRAVINGS NOW ON VIEW.
THE DAY OF RECKONING. S. E. WALLER.
AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE. MARCUS STONE.
A PRIOR ATTACHMENT. MARCUS STONE.
THE SISTER'S KISS. SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A.
WEDDED. SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A.
A LITTLE DUCHESS. J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. FORBES ROBERTSON.
THE POACHER. BRITON RIVIERE.
LET SLEEPING DOGS LIE. BRITON RIVIERE.
FIRST WHISPER OF LOVE. L. ALMA TADEMA.
PLEADING. L. ALMA TADEMA.
&c. &c. &c.
Engravings of above on sale at 21s. each.
OFFER OF MARRIAGE and COMPANION, 11s. 6d. each.
THE SAVOY GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS,
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BRIGHTON.—FREQUENT TRAINS from Victoria and London Bridge.
Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool Street. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Weekday. From Victoria 10.0 a.m., Fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car. Cheap Half-Guinea First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday, from Victoria and London Bridge. Admitting to the Grand Aquarium, and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday. From Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m. Fare, 10s. Pullman Drawing Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations. On the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

PARIS.—Shortest, Cheapest Route Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.
Cheap Express Service Weekdays and Sundays. From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fares—Single, 34s., 25s., 18s.; Return, 57s., 41s., 32s. Powerful Fiddle Steamers with excellent Cabins, &c. Trains run alande Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe. SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c. Tourists' Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit All the principal places of interest. The Day Special Express Service will commence on 1st June for the Season.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings; Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate Circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.
(By Order.) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT entitled "SAPPHO," from the Picture by L. Alma-Tadema, R.A., exhibited at the Royal Academy.



A LADY B.A.

To those who are growing elderly Tennyson's "Princess" does not seem to have been published a great while ago. And yet what a change has taken place since then in the methods of female education! The poet's ideas, which at that time seemed to be delicately-woven fantasies belonging to an impossible world, have now become sober realities. It would, of course, be absurd to compare the Academic groves of Newnham and Girton with those over which the Princess Ida presided, still it is unquestionable that a tolerably successful embodiment of the poet's dream has been achieved.

Such lines as the following convey different sensations now to those which they conveyed when they first appeared:—

Pretty were the sight
If our old halls could change their sex, and flaunt
With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair,
I think they should not wear our rusty gowns,
But move as rich as Emperor-moths.

The girl-graduate, who was then a pleasing fantasy, has now become one of the "common objects of the seashore," as also of the city street. We will not attempt here to enlarge on the advantages or disadvantages of the modern system of female education. We will confine ourselves to two remarks. The first is that that peculiar combination of ingredients, mental, moral, and physical, which made up that delightful entity, a nice English girl, have not sensibly deteriorated under the influence of high schools and colleges. Girls still remain simple-minded, playful, and domestic, although they learn things of which their predecessors were ignorant. But it cannot be denied that they run some risk of over-pressure. They are not only more delicately organised than boys, but they have fewer opportunities of outdoor recreation, and they are more patient and persevering. The average healthy English boy regards study as an unpleasant necessity; the girl often likes it for its own sake, and therefore she is more likely to overtax her resources. Intellectual development bought at the cost of diminished bodily health is a very bad bargain.

MACHINE GUNS AT THE INVENTIONS EXHIBITION

EVER since the Franco-Prussian War, in 1869-70, machine guns have been adopted in the armies and navies of all nations as an essential part of their military equipment. The terrible rapidity of their fire—in some cases reaching 1,200 cartridges per minute—renders them invaluable in repelling a sudden attack, and this has been amply proved by the Russians at Plevna, by ourselves in Egypt, and by the Canadians as late as Saturday last, when General Middleton's force was preserved from disaster by the adroit use of one Gatling gun. Indeed, one of the most interesting sections of the Inventions Exhibition is undoubtedly the extensive display of these terrible weapons. The earliest form was the mitrailleuse, in which a number of barrels were arranged round a central axis. Next came the "Gatling Gun"—an improved form of which has been illustrated by our artist. This gun has usually ten barrels and ten corresponding locks, and in working the gun, the barrels and locks revolve together—though irrespective of this motion the locks have a forward and backward motion of their own. The forward motion places the cartridges in the chambers of the barrels, and closes the breech at the time of each discharge, while the backward motion extracts the empty cartridge cases after firing. The gun is fired by turning a handle, and when the gun is in action there are always five cartridges going through the process of loading and five cartridge cases in different stages of being extracted, and these several operations are continuous while the gun is being worked. Thus as long as the gun is fed with cartridges the several operations of loading, firing, and extracting are carried on automatically, uniformly, and continuously. The reservoir of cartridges may be seen on the breech, and with the improved "positive" "feeder" there shown 1,200 shots can be fired per minute. Another gun shown is the "Maxim," and for this the inventors claim that it is the first and only gun which is automatic in its action.

In ordinary machine guns the functions of loading and firing are performed by operating a crank, or lever. In the Maxim gun, however, these are achieved by the gun itself, the recoil being utilised for this purpose. The first cartridge is placed in the barrel by hand, and when this is fired by pulling the trigger, the recoil resulting from the first discharge fires the next cartridge.

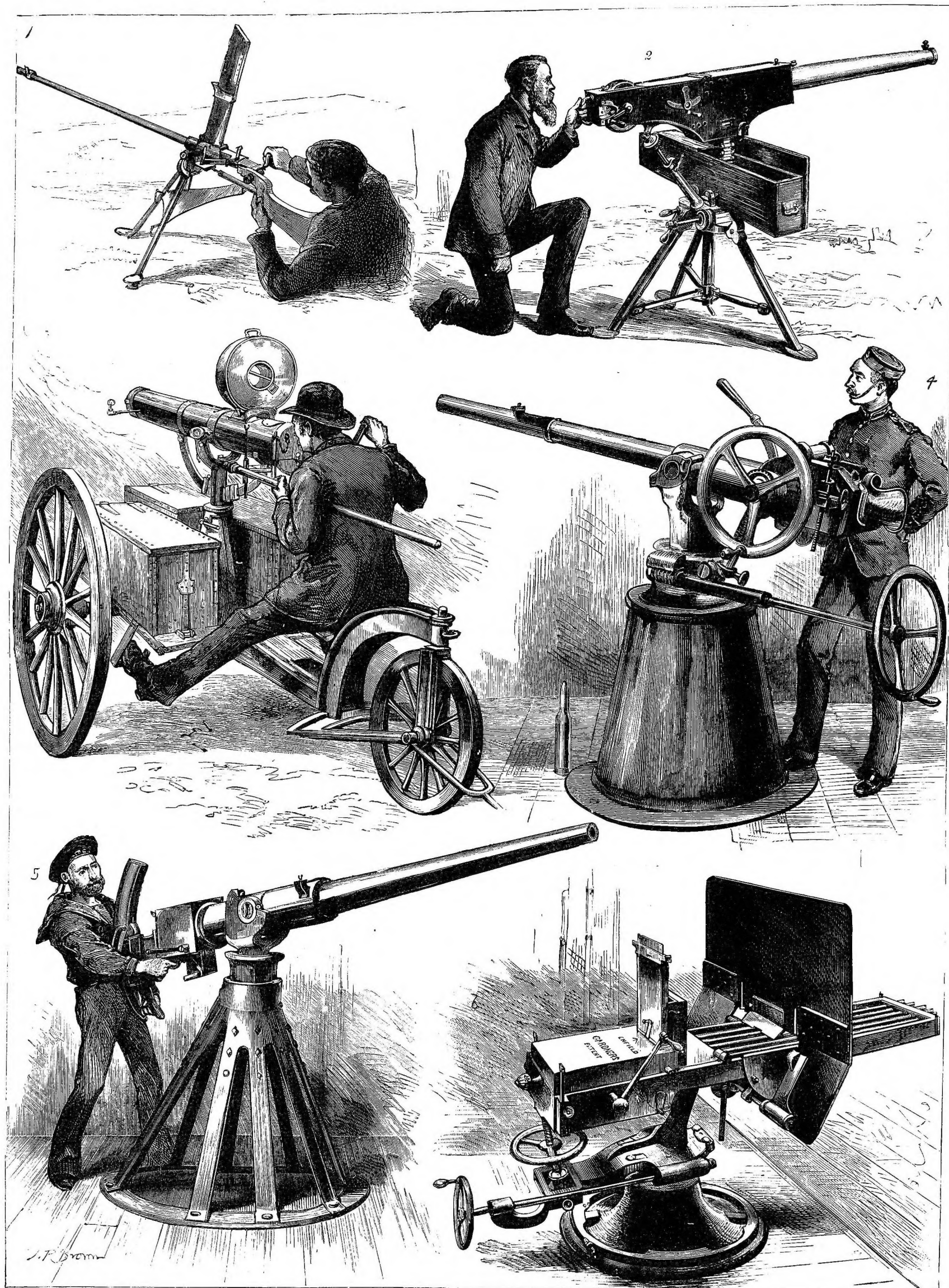
The second cartridge fires the third, and so on. The cartridges are made into a chain or belt by being placed between two strips of tape.

Before firing, one end of the tape of cartridges is introduced into the gun, and as the firing goes on, the tape is drawn into the gun, the cartridges drawn from it, and the empty tape and empty cartridge shells discharged through apertures in the side of the arm. The gun may be arranged so as to fire single shots, pulling the trigger for each shot; or it may be adjusted to fire itself slowly; in fact, the speed of discharge may be regulated anywhere between one shot and 600 per minute.

As the gun is self-contained, and has no crank or lever to interfere with its action, it may be turned in any direction while being fired at any rate of speed.

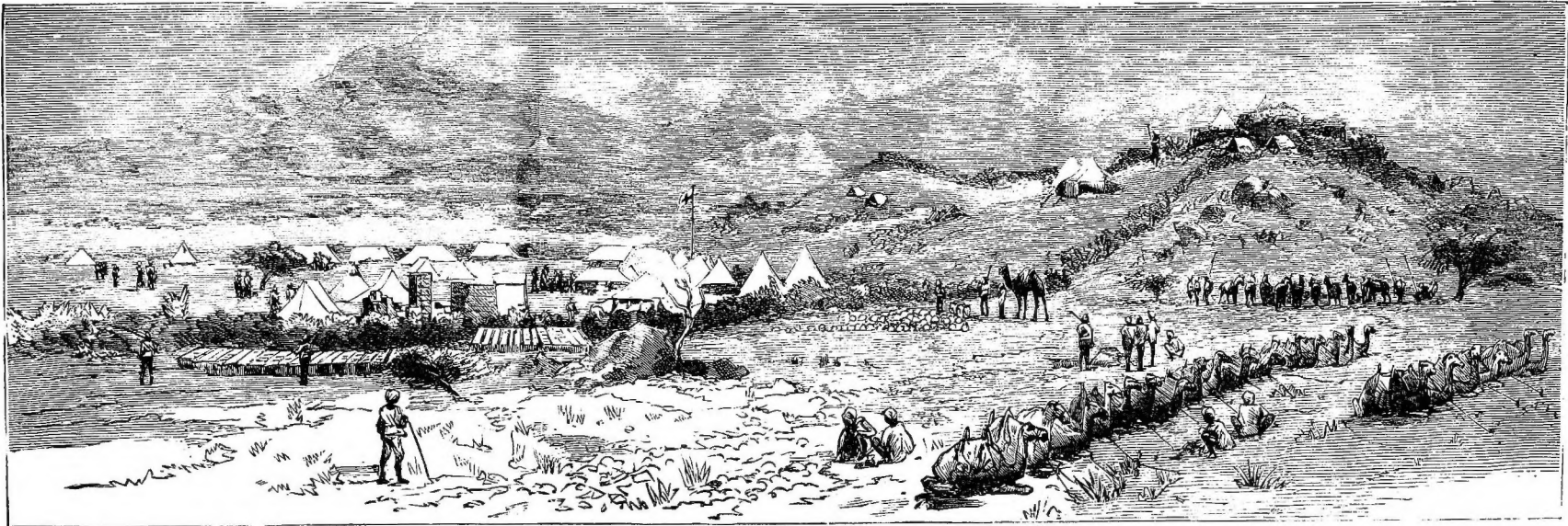
The Maxim gun can be made of any size, but those shown at the exhibition are the smallest type manufactured.

"The Nordenfeldt Quick-firing Shell Gun."—The illustration shows

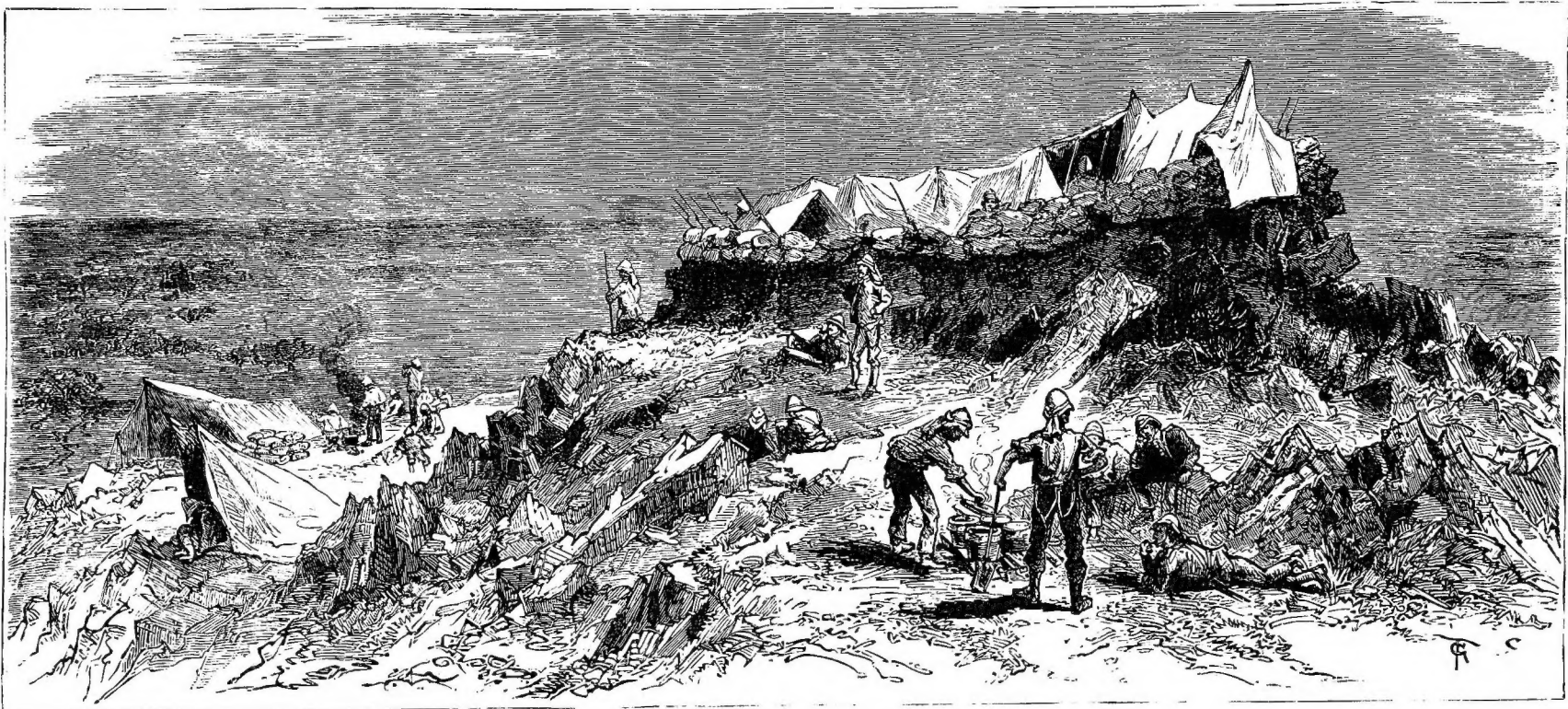


1. Single-Barrel Nordenfeldt Magazine Gun.—2. The Maxim Gun.—3. 10-Barrel Gatling Gun with Accles' Positive Feed.—4. Rapid Firing Nordenfeldt Shell Gun.—5. The Hotchkiss Gun.—6. The Gardner Gun.

MACHINE-GUNS AT THE INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, SOUTH KENSINGTON



THE CAMP AT OTAO, A POST TWENTY MILES FROM SUAKIM, HELD BY GUARDS AND MOUNTED INFANTRY



REDOUBT AT HANDOUB, HELD BY THE AUSTRALIANS



AUSTRALIAN INFANTRY ON THE MARCH THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN—WITH SIR GERALD GRAHAM AT SUAKIM
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. C. E. FRIPP

the Nordenfeldt quick-firing shell gun, mounted on a naval carriage. The gun exhibited is of a smaller size, but of the same type and principle as the six-pounder shell gun of 2¼ inch calibre now used in the Navy. This gun is only of 1.65 inch calibre, and fires shots of 2½ lbs. weight with a muzzle velocity of 2,000 feet per second, with a penetrative power at 300 yards of ¾ inch steel plate. The shots used are either solid steel, shells, shrapnels, or case shots, held in the neck of a solid drawn metal case containing the charge of 12 pounds of gunpowder.

The feeding is done by hand from the rear through the opened breech. The opening and closing of the mechanism, the cocking, the firing, and the extraction is all done by moving the handle a quarter of a circle forward and backward, which is conveniently done without requiring strength. At recent firing at Portsmouth with the six-pounder gun twenty shots have been fired with ease in half a minute, and the same rapidly is obtained by this gun.

The carriage is constructed to enable the gun to be "laid" with promptitude and exactness by simply turning two handwheels; at the same time giving perfect stability to the gun.

"The Single-barrelled Magazine Gun."—This illustration shows what we should call a magazine machine rifle. It is a gun weighing only 13 lbs., or little more than a Martini-Henry rifle, mounted on a tripod support for firing by the man lying on the ground. The gun is meant to be used where circumstances do not admit of the transport of a heavier weapon, but where, at the same time, something more effective than a rifle is wanted. The gun rests with a shoulder-piece against the left shoulder of the man, and, moving freely round its pivot and trunnion, is easily "laid," while the right hand works the gun. It fires the usual rifle ammunition. The rapidity of firing is equal to the movement of the hand, and 100 shots per minute can easily be fired, allowing for time to change hoppers. The gun is fed from the magazine above. The total parts of the mechanism are only six—viz., the plunger, an action slide, a firing spring, a firing pin, a cocking spring, and an extractor, besides the hand lever.

"The Hotchkiss Gun."—This is called a non-recoil gun, for, being mounted on elastic pivots for naval service, it is without perceptible recoil, and can be fired from the shoulder. It fires a single cartridge containing powder and projectile, and the breech mechanism automatically extracts the empty cases. It is, however, fed by hand, and cannot, therefore, strictly speaking, be called a machine gun. The gun shown in our illustration can be trained and fired by one man; and, being only bolted to the deck, it can easily be removed for service on land. It carries a six-pound shell. 360 Hotchkiss guns, including six and three-pounders, are in the English naval and land forces; France has 1,950, Germany 600, Russia 215, Austria 67, Italy 102, Holland 126, United States 86, and other Governments 145.

In the "Gardner Gun" the cartridges on being placed in the reservoir fall by gravity to their place at the rear end of the barrels. The turning of the handle actuates the simple mechanism, and the "plungers" push the cartridges into the barrels, while the continuous rotation of the crank extracts the empty shell of the cartridge. In the one and two-barrel gun the empty shells are expelled through orifices at the side of the gun, and in the five-barrel they are withdrawn from the rear end of the barrels. The speed in the rotation of the hand crank necessarily gives the rapidity of fire, the five-barrel attaining a speed of 1,200 shots a minute. The cartridges fall by gravity, but the speed is always accelerated by the firing of the gun and by the insertion of new cartridges.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN

OTAO, one of our advanced posts in the Eastern Soudan and the present terminus of the Railway, is about twenty miles from Suakim. It is held by a detachment of Guards and a company of Mounted Infantry. There is abundance of water for animals in the bed of the watercourse. The drinking water is preserved in tanks and barrels, as shown in the sketch, being carefully watched over by a sentry.

"Handoub," writes our artist, "was occupied originally by the New South Wales Infantry and a Battalion of the Guards. The principal hill was occupied by the Australians, and of the stones which abounded everywhere redoubts were built. My sketch shows one of these at noon. The little garrison keep off the sun by constructing shelters of blankets and an odd piece of canvas, occasionally spread on a rough framework of wood procured from the bush. Another sketch shows the Australian Infantry on the march in the ravines of the mountains, which were crossed by the force from Handoub which took part in the plain in the operations behind Hasheen. The work of marching over stone passes and dry sandy beds of mountain torrents was very heavy, but the well-seasoned colonials got on in first-rate style. It may be observed in my sketch that the uniform is not quite uniform. Moreover, men are not obliged to throttle themselves if the throat button undone looks untidy. The puggarees on the helmets also are very varied. They sometimes consist of half a towel hung from the helmet. Handkerchiefs are worn under the helmet and lap on to the shoulders, thus protecting the neck. As leggings are too heavy, many men tie their socks over their trousers, or bind a piece of cloth or packing round the calf. Goggles are strung on the helmet so as to be handy. Notwithstanding the heaviness of the march some infatuated old diggers found time to scramble among the steep rocks and break off pieces of quartz in order to see what chance there was of gold. Up to the present the march has been on the plain. Now, for the first time, our troops have penetrated to the mountain region." The sketch of rescuing old garments from a bonfire is by an officer of the Guards, and was taken at Magaga Wells. It represents men of different corps and Kababish natives picking out the best of the old breeches, of which the Guards' Camel Corps are making a bonfire, and which, after five and a half months' continuous wear, were nearly all falling to pieces.

THE DURBAR AT RAWUL PINDI

ABDUL RAHMAN KHAN

ABDUL RAHMAN KHAN, Ameer of Afghanistan, is a grandson of Dost Mahomed, being the eldest son of his eldest son, Afzul Khan. Eastern rulers are not wont to be guided by the law of primogeniture in their choice of a successor, and Dost Mahomed nominated as his heir his favourite son, the late Shere Ali, who accordingly ascended the throne on his father's death in 1863. His two brothers, Afzul and Azim Khan, however, revolted, and the former was proclaimed Ameer, his success in a great measure being due to Abdul Rahman's military prowess and skill. In 1867 Afzul died, being succeeded by his brother, who, however, was deposed by Shere Ali, Abdul Rahman flying to Bokhara, where, until the close of 1879, he lived under Russian protection. Upon the deposition of Yakoub Khan, however, in that year, he organised a small force in Turkestan and advanced upon Cabul. As he was known to be a man of considerable intelligence and force of character, and as Afghanistan eminently needed such a man for its ruler, the Indian Government opened negotiations with him, which resulted in our recognising his claims to the throne, and he was publicly proclaimed Ameer in a Durbar held at Cabul on September 22, 1880. He is about forty-four years of age, and is somewhat stout, suffering severely from gout. He is exceptionally courteous, and displays an unwonted straightforwardness and shrewdness in his conversation. He created a good impression amongst all who met him at Rawul Pindi.

THE DURBAR

AFTER some days of pitiless rain, which almost turned the gorgeous camp at Rawul Pindi into a morass, the sun suddenly shone out in all its grandeur on the 8th ult., and the much-talked-of Durbar was at last enabled to be held. The various officials and chiefs began to arrive at the Durbar tent at 11 A.M., and the gunners from that hour had a hard time of it, as some 600 rounds were fired from first to last. Finally the Ameer arrived in a carriage and four, the band playing the National Anthem. The Ameer was received by the Viceroy, the Duke of Connaught, and a host of officials. He was simply dressed in a light-coloured coat, without ornament, and black astrakhan turban, on the right side of which was a cluster of diamonds. He had no sword, and walked with the aid of a stick, for despite his gout he wore tight-fitting black riding-boots. The Viceroy wore a Lord-Lieutenant's uniform, and, taking the central seat in the dais, placed the Ameer on his right and the Duke of Connaught (who wore a general officer's uniform) on his left. After a brief conversation, the presents for the Ameer were brought in. These included sporting rifles, guns, revolvers—all gold mounted—gold watches, clocks, salvers, silver tea services, binoculars, gold locket, richly worked cabinets, dresses of honour, a portrait of the Viceroy, and a richly-mounted sword, bearing an inscription that it was a present from his friend the Earl of Dufferin. The Ameer made a speech of thanks, declaring that "In return for this kindness and favour, every possible service I and my people can render to the British people shall be rendered, whether as regards my army or my people." Stimulated by the burst of applause which followed these words, he added, "As the British Government has declared it will help Afghanistan in beating off any external enemy, therefore the Afghan nation will join in the firmest manner, and will stand side by side with the British Government." The sword of honour was then handed to the Ameer by Lord Dufferin, with a few appropriate words, to which the Ameer replied in words similar to those employed by Shere Ali at Umballa when receiving his sword from Lord Mayo. He said he hoped the sword might be drawn to strike any enemy of the British Government. The Ameer was then reconducted to his carriage by the Viceroy and the Duke of Connaught, and the Durbar was over.

Of our other illustrations, one represents the Rajah of Jhind driving in his silver carriage at Rawul Pindi; and another shows the departure of the Ameer from the Railway Station on April 12th, being seen off by Sir M. Biddulph, Mr. Durand, Mr. Mackenzie Wallace, Lord William Beresford, Colonel Henderson, and other officers. He made a farewell speech, concluding by declaring that "I pray that the friendship of Afghanistan and the British Government may continue as strong as it is at present for ever." The Ameer was photographed several times—alone, in company with the Viceroy and the Duke of Connaught—shown in one of our illustrations, with his Sirdars, and at the head of his troops.—Our illustration of the Durbar is from a sketch by Lieut.-Colonel A. Harcourt; those of the Rajah of Jhind and the Ameer's Departure are by Lieut. W. R. Little, 21st Punjab Infantry; the portrait and group from photographs by Messrs. Fry and Rahn, Lucknow.

THE SIBI-QUETTAH AND CANDAHAR RAILWAY

WHEN the present Government decided upon completely abandoning Lord Beaconsfield's defensive measures on the Indian-Afghan border, which, with the hearty concurrence of the military authorities, had been undertaken in view of Russia's persistent advance in Central Asia, it was decided not merely to evacuate Candahar, but to stop the work of the railway which was being constructed to that place from Jacobabad. The railway had fortunately been made as far as Sibi, a distance of about 130 miles from its junction with the Scinde, Punjab, and Delhi Railway at Ruk, a few miles west of the Indus. It was even determined that the line should not be continued to Quetta, and the huge stores of rails which had been accumulated were sold for old iron. Military authorities mourned and protested, pointing out that Quetta would be the starting point for an English expedition, should one ever be necessary, against the Russians, but all in vain. Fate, however, has compelled the Government in this, as in other matters, to revert to Lord Beaconsfield's original policy, and the line is now being vigorously pushed forward to Quetta—not through the Bolan Pass, but through the Hurnai Valley skirting the northern side of the Pass. Meanwhile, the line to Sibi has been found of inestimable value, and is expected to be completed as far as Pishin within the year.—Our illustrations are from photographs by a military officer in the 32nd Pioneers.

"MANON"

J. MASSENET, the composer of the successful new opera *Manon*, now being performed by the Carl Rosa Company at Drury Lane Theatre, was born in France in 1842, and studied music under Ambroise Thomas. In 1865 he won the Grand Prize of Rome. His first important work was *Don Cesar de Bazan*. This was followed by the incidental music which he supplied to a tragedy called the *Erimyes*, adapted from *Æschylus*; but his first real success was scored with the *Roi de Lahore*, brought out in 1877.

Of *Manon* we have already fully spoken last week. Mr. Joseph Bennett has cleverly rendered into English the story told by the French librettists, Messrs. Meilhac and Gille, which, of course, is borrowed from the Abbé Prevost's famous novel "Manon Lescaut."

The action of the opera passes in 1721: the gayest period in the very gay history of France, and particularly of Parisian society, when life was regarded as one round of pleasure, made up of *à la fresco fêtes*, gambling, love intrigues, wit, and wine, and the inevitable quarrelling and remorse which follows. Apart from Massenet's beautiful setting, the romantic story of the lovely French maiden is very powerfully told, and the piece is so full of graphic incidents and strong situations that, as a dramatic production alone, it has all the elements of stage success. Madame Marie Roze enacts Manon, the heroine; Mr. Ludwig is Lescaut the guardsman; and M. Maas Des Grieux. The *mise-en-scène* and stage management, for which Mr. Augustus Harris is responsible, leaves nothing to be desired; and M. Goossens is a discreet and zealous conductor.

"THE GREEN ROOM OF THE TURF"

THIS is the fanciful, but rather happy, title given by our artist to the subject of his drawing. The incident represented took place at Punchestown Races during the recent Royal Visit to Ireland. The "Green Room" in question was the apartment where the officers who were going to ride in the steeplechase doffed their ordinary garments, and put on their jockey habiliments. They were assisted in making their toilettes by their soldier-servants. Only one professional was present. A trainer is depicted in the act of whispering into one of his prominent ears. He is giving the professional orders how to ride so that he may "dish the captain."

THE COLLECTING DOG "CLYDE"

DURING their vacation last autumn two French gentlemen, Professors at the Lycée at Versailles, found themselves in Inverness. While going about the town, they noticed that they were followed everywhere by a beautiful spaniel, round whose neck there was fastened a small padlocked box, with an inscription asking for alms for the Inverness Infirmary. The dog, it seems, recognised the Professors as tourists by their clothes, and therefore concluded that they were probably willing to give. However this may be, M. Fontaine drew a penny from his pocket, and was about to put it into the box, when the dog prevented this by holding his head down

over the opening, and, seizing the coin in its mouth, with great quickness ran away. A few minutes later the visitors passed a baker's shop, where they saw their collecting friend seated on the counter apparently enjoying to its heart's content a loaf which it had purchased with the penny. As the Editor of the *Révue Scientifique* was inclined to doubt this anecdote, it was confirmed in every particular by M. Porchon, M. Fontaine's companion. The owner of the dog, Mr. J. T. Lindsay, of 7, Lombard Street, Inverness, admits that "Clyde" occasionally appropriates to his own use coins intended for the box, but never riehless during three successive tourists' seasons he has collected or the Infirmary an average of over 20s. a month for the box, so it is perhaps only fair to look upon his own appropriations in the light of a legitimate commission. Mr. Lindsay says if donors to his box would only order him to hold up his head, they could easily insert the coin. "Clyde" does not always deal at the same baker's shop; he has several which he patronises, and he does not always spend his money at once. Sometimes he hides it, and sometimes he has a fancy for trying how much he can collect in his mouth. Says Mr. Lindsay (to whom we are indebted for the photo. of his pet), "It is by observing a peculiarly innocent expression on his face that I suspect he has money. On ordering him to disgorge, out will tumble sometimes as much as fourpence or fivepence."

VISIT TO KIMBERLEY BY THE GOVERNOR OF THE CAPE COLONY

OF course our readers are well up in colonial geography, nevertheless we may venture to state a few facts. Kimberley, the metropolis of the diamondiferous region of South Africa, is situated in Griqualand West, about 700 miles north-east from Table Bay, and 450 miles inland from Natal. Lines of railway are in course of construction from Table Bay and Port Elizabeth to Kimberley, and it was to inaugurate the opening of the Orange River Extension that Sir Hercules Robinson paid his official visit.

The Orange River is seen with delighted surprise by the wayfarer in a country like South Africa, which is generally dry and waterless. It is not navigable, but at certain seasons of the year it contains a noble body of water, which might, and no doubt will eventually, be used for irrigating the adjacent barren veldt, which might thus be converted into a land of milk and honey. A pont, which looks like the middle-cut (as a fishmonger might say) of a steamboat, is used for conveying vehicles across this broad stream. This pont is due to the enterprise of a firm named Gibson, who are the proprietors of the Red Star line of coaches, and whose name is as much a household word as that of Cobb used to be in Australia. One of our sketches represents the Governor and his suite crossing the Orange River, at a place where the water was shallow, in a far more primitive fashion.

Kimberley is a very bustling place, far more bustling than Cape Town. But it is not so elegantly built, for the houses are a collection of corrugated iron sheds. But the inhabitants are full of energy and "go." Every one seems to enjoy himself and his concerns to the top of his bent, and is ready to build a city, form a company, propose a toast, run a political meeting, or do anything else in creation at a moment's notice.

In the early days of diamond-mining at Kimberley the diamondiferous soil was raised to the roadways (whence it was taken to the sorting-tables) by hand-windlasses. For that, after a while, horse-whims were substituted, and next, as the mines grew deeper, steam-engines were introduced. The machinery for working the soil, consisting of screens, elevators, and depositing-boxes, is now of a most elaborate character. There is a plentiful supply of water from the waterworks, coal has been discovered within 150 miles of the fields, and, if the price of diamonds were only higher, and illicit purchases from workmen could be suppressed, the lot of the men of Kimberley would be by no means an unhappy one.

The Governor and his party made a tour of the Central Company's works at the Kimberley Mine, and witnessed a "wash-up." His Excellency took his three-cornered scraper of tin, and cleared his diamonds from the "blue" earth in a manner that would have tempted him, were he not a Governor, to become a Kimberley man at once.

The gubernatorial visit was a great success. Sir Hercules Robinson became the most popular man in Kimberley; Lady Robinson was exceedingly gracious; while Miss Robinson was declared to have "a sweet face."—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. Dennis Edwards, of Cape Town.

"SAPPHO"

THE original of this engraving was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1881, and we cannot do better than reproduce the account which we gave of it at the time:—"Among Mr. Alma-Tadema's numerous realisations of antique life we have seen none more poetical in feeling or more perfect in technical accomplishment than his picture 'Sappho.' In a small amphitheatre of white marble overlooking the sea, the Greek poetess, with her attendant maidens around her, is listening with rapt attention to a young poet who, seated opposite to her, with a lyre in his hands, is singing or declaiming. The composition is admirable, and the figures, besides being expressive in their movements, are singularly graceful. Of the finished beauty of the workmanship, or of the skillful rendering of the different surfaces and textures, it would be difficult to speak too highly. The picture is full of suffused light, and most harmonious in tone. The varied reflections of light and colour on the flesh, the draperies, and the marble are as true as they are beautiful."

"CURLY"

AN ACTOR'S STORY, by John Coleman, illustrated by J. C. Dollman, is continued on page 497.

MERCHANT VESSELS AS ARMED CRUISERS

RECENTLY, when war with Russia appeared imminent, the Government decided to take up a number of merchant steamers, and placing them in the hands of naval artificers, arm and fit them as cruisers. Besides carrying ten heavy guns, each ship of the mercantile marine chartered by the Government for cruising purposes is to be provided with several Nordenfeldt guns. More than fifty vessels belonging to our magnificent merchant fleet have thus been taken over by the Government for equipment, and they will add considerably to our naval strength.

The following vessels which appear in our engravings have been chartered from the Peninsular and Oriental Company:—The *Rosetta* was built in 1880 by Messrs. Harland and Wolff, of Belfast. She is 390 feet long, 40 feet broad, of 3,501 tons register, and 700 nominal horse-power. The *Ganges*, now stationed at Suakim as a hospital ship, was built in 1882, of steel, by the Barrow Ship-building Company. She is 390 feet long, 42 feet broad, of 4,195 tons register, and 800 nominal horse-power. The *Australia*, built by Messrs. Caird and Co., of Greenock, is 365 feet long, 44 feet broad, of 3,663 tons register, and 600 nominal horse-power. The *Zambesi*, built by Messrs. Barclay, Curle, and Co., is 330 feet long, 36 feet 6 inches broad, of 2,430 tons register, and 370 nominal horse-power. The *Poonah*, built by the Thames Iron Works Company, is 395 feet long, 41 feet 8 inches broad, of 3,130 tons register, and 550 nominal horse-power. The *Khiva*, built by James Laing and Co., of Sunderland, is 360 feet long, 36 feet 6 inches wide, of 2,608 tons register, and 450 nominal horse-power. The *Geelong* was built by Messrs. Denny Brothers. She is 264 feet long, 34 feet broad, and

of 250 nominal horse-power. Of the *Nepaul*, no details have reached us.

The *Mexican*, belonging to the Union Steamship Company (Cape of Good Hope Royal Mail Line), was built by James Laing and Co., of Sunderland. She is 378 feet long, 47 feet broad, has a gross tonnage of 4,668, and engines of 600 nominal horse-power.

The *Lusitania*, belonging to the Orient Steam Navigation Company, is being fitted out in Sydney Harbour. She has already been employed by the Government in the Egyptian campaign of 1882-3. She is 384 feet long, 41 feet broad, has a gross tonnage of 3,832, and 550 nominal horse-power.

The *Umbria*, one of the magnificent steamers belonging to the fleet of the Cunard Company, is a sister ship to the *Etruria*, and is built of steel by John Elder and Co., of Fairfield, Govan. She is 520 feet long, 57 feet broad, and 41 feet deep.

The *Arizona* is one of Messrs. Guion and Co.'s Atlantic fleet, and is built of iron in water-tight compartments. The *Arizona* is 465 feet long, 46 feet broad, 37 feet deep, and close on 6,000 tons burden. Her main deck is 400 feet long. To this line belongs the *Alaska*, surnamed the "Greyhound of the Atlantic." She has made the passage from New York to Queenstown in six days 18½ hours.

Other vessels belonging to the above-mentioned firms have been taken up by the Government, but we have only described those of which we have given engravings.

CAVALRY SPORTS AT MEERUT

OUR illustration is from a photograph by Mr. E. Meyers of Meerut, of some cavalry sports before the Duke and Duchess of Connaught during their residence at Meerut. The incident depicted is similar to that which we recently illustrated during the military tournament at the Agricultural Hall, namely, a party of the 8th Hussars firing over the backs of their horses, which have been trained to lie down at the word of command.



MR. CONDIE STEPHEN, a prominent member of Sir Peter Lumsden's staff in the delimitation of the Russo-Afghan frontier, from which he was the bearer of important despatches, arrived in London on Tuesday afternoon. To the representative of one of the press agencies he spoke highly of the fertility and beauty of the Pendjeh oasis, and also of the alacrity with which the Russian authorities everywhere exerted themselves to facilitate and accelerate his homeward journey.

THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS has been holding private conferences on the position of the Sudan, and intimates that support will be given in "influential quarters" to a Sudan Company, like that recognised in North Borneo by the Government, provided the Suakim railway be completed. From such a Company the Baroness hopes for the extinction of slave-dealing in the Sudan, and the conversion of its slave-dealers into honest traders in English manufactured goods. Among those willing to further any scheme for the redemption of the Sudan, Baroness Burdett-Coutts mentions Lord Shaftesbury, Cardinal Manning, the Bishop of Newcastle, Mr. W. E. Forster, and Mr. H. M. Stanley.

MEETINGS IN FAVOUR OF AND AGAINST the Chancellor of the Exchequer's proposed increase of the duties on beer and spirits, are being held by the friends of temperance on the one hand, and by the Brewers and Licensed Victuallers on the other. At those held by the Licensed Victuallers announcements are made of the enhanced prices to be charged should effect be given to Mr. Childers's Budget proposals. By the Irish they are treated as a new national grievance, partly on the ground that the increase in the duty on whisky, which is largely produced and drunk in Ireland, is greater in proportion to the alcohol contained in it than in beer, the great beverage of the Saxon, at least south of the Tweed. The Dublin Corporation, at the head of which is a publican, has passed an indignant resolution to protest against the increased duty, as involving fresh "injustice to Ireland."

AN INCREASE IN THE BEER AND SPIRIT DUTIES has also been denounced at various meetings of working-men's organisations, one of the chief objections raised to it being that it solely affects the beverages of the working classes and leaves untouched the duties on foreign wines, which are consumed chiefly by the upper classes. A demonstration against the increased duties was made in Trafalgar Square on Wednesday night, at which 5,000 persons were present, but it seems to have degenerated into a conflict between the police and a phalanx of roughs, who insisted on mounting the base of Nelson's monument.

AN AGREEABLE CONTRAST to the too-frequent exhibition of party virulence is presented in the just-published correspondence between Mrs. Fawcett and the President of the Hackney Conservative Union, to which, as well as to the Hackney Liberal Association, she has presented the autotype portrait of her husband. In acknowledging the gift the President of the Union speaks of the respect of his Conservative constituents for Mr. Fawcett, as measurable by the fact, now made public for the first time, that they had decided to contest only one seat so long as he sat for the borough.

THE EAST AND WEST FERRY ROADS, Millwall, being the last of the London roads on which tolls were levied, have been formally and publicly declared free of them by Sir J. M'Garel Hogg, Chairman of the Metropolitan Board, which has purchased them for the public benefit.

SEVERAL SERIOUS FIRES occurred in London on Saturday, the most destructive of them being that which broke out on the premises of a firm of firewood dealers in Albany Road, Camberwell. Here, early on Saturday morning, smoke was discovered issuing from an enormous stack of firewood, covering a square thirty yards in extent and nearly fifty feet in height. Almost the whole fire-extinguishing resources of the metropolis, including a perfect fleet of steamers, had to be brought into play before the conflagration was subdued.

THE DEATH IS ANNOUNCED of the Earl of Dudley, generally known as Lord Dudley and Ward, who attained his sixty-eighth year in March last. A nobleman of enormous wealth, both by his enterprise as a great mine-owner and by his munificence he was a benefactor to the town of Dudley, and to the district in which his property was situated, the Church profiting very largely by his liberality. He was Baron Ward when, in 1863, he was made an Earl by Lord Palmerston. Lord Dudley was a Liberal, but took no active part in politics. In 1865 he married *en secondes nocces* a daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Louisa Moncrieff, one of whose sisters is the Duchess of Athole. By her he had a family of one daughter and six sons, the eldest of whom, Viscount Ednam, born in 1867, succeeds him in the Earldom.

LONDON MORTALITY further decreased last week, and 1,465 deaths were registered against 1,549 during the previous seven days, a decrease of 84, being 190 below the average, and at the rate of 18.7 per 1,000. There were 44 deaths from small-pox (an increase of 12, and exceeding the average by 17), 91 from measles (a fall of 8), 13 from scarlet fever (a rise of 1), 24 from diphtheria (a decrease of 9), 46 from whooping-cough (a decline of 5), 2 from typhus fever, 12 from enteric fever (a rise of 11), 13 from diarrhoea and dysentery

(a decline of 3), 1 from simple cholera, and not one from ill-defined forms of fever. The Metropolitan Asylums Hospitals contained 1,361 small-pox patients at the end of last week, the new admissions having fallen from 354 to 315. Deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 287 (a decline of 50, and 75 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 52 deaths; 41 were the result of accident or negligence, among which were 19 from fractures and contusions, 2 from burns and scalds, 5 from drowning, 4 from poison, and 6 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. There were 2,429 births registered against 2,561 during the previous week, being 397 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 46.7 deg., and 3.3 deg. below the average. The duration of registered bright sunshine in the week was 31.4 hours, against 37.3 hours at Glynde Place, Lewes.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in her seventy-second year, of Frances, Countess of Gainsborough, sister of the late Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry, and for many years a Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen; in his sixty-sixth year, at his seat, Wynnstay, of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, sixth baronet, hereditary "King of Wales," so called, Conservative member for Denbighshire since 1841, which had then been represented by his family for more than a century and a-half; in his eighty-first year, of Mr. William Hawes, Treasurer of the Humane Society, founded in 1774 by one of his progenitors, an active participator in schemes of social improvement, and a Commissioner for the Exhibition of 1862, five times Chairman of the Society of Arts, and for services rendered to the Committee of 1847 for the Amendment of the Bankruptcy Laws presented by the merchants and bankers with a service of plate; at the advanced age of eighty-four; in his eightieth year, of Mr. James Alexander, of Avening House, Hampstead, for many years a leading merchant in the City, where he was one of the first to engage in the Australian trade, founder of what has become the firm of Redfern, Alexander, and Co., from which he retired in 1881; of the Rev. J. C. Clutterbuck, for fifty-five years Vicar of Long Wittenham, Berks, and many years Rural Dean of Abingdon, son of the author of the well-known "History of Hertfordshire," and himself so high an authority on the geology of water-supply as to have been called "the Father of Hydro-Geology," and to have been frequently consulted on matters relating to it; in his ninetieth year, at Yealmpton, near Plymouth, of Captain William Harris, who at nineteen was present at the Battle of Waterloo, and is said to have been the youngest British officer in the field; and, in his sixty-ninth year, of Mr. Philip Smith, copious and valued contributor to classical, ecclesiastical, and general literature. Of his more elaborate works the best-known is his "History of the Ancient World." He contributed several volumes to Mr. Murray's series of Student's Manuals and a number of articles to the classical dictionaries of his brother, Dr. William Smith, Editor of the *Quarterly Review*. To this periodical he was a frequent contributor, and the article in the current number on the "Early History of Britain" was from his pen.



THE TURF.—The racing on the concluding days of the Newmarket First Spring Meeting was poor in the extreme, but the One Thousand Guineas' contest furnished somewhat of a sensation in the victory of the Duke of Westminster's Farewell, who in a field of sixteen started at 20 to 1. Her previous performances were by no means suggestive of her winning a race like this, though it was known in her stable that she had made great improvement. The Duke of Westminster has certainly had his share of Fortune's favours since he took to the Turf. St. Helena, the favourite for the race, could only get fourth, while Jane, another outsider, was second, and Satchel third. The winner is among the St. Leger nominations, but is not in the Derby.—The Chester Meeting, this week, seems to have fallen to its lowest ebb, the fields ruling very small, and the running being without interest. For the once famous Cup only seven came to the post, including Havock, last year's winner. Of these Barrister and Lonsdale were made almost equal favourites, but the winner turned up in Merry Prince, Lonsdale running second. It may be noted that on the first day of the meeting the seven races were all won by the first favourites, and in all but one the odds were on the favourites.—The victory of Farewell in the One Thousand has had the effect of restoring Paradox, who is in the same stable, to the premier position in the Derby quotations, but 4 to 1 can be had about him. Melton is next in demand at 5, Luminary stands at 8, and the Chopette colt at 10 to 1. It is said that the last-named colt has been called "Chopsticks," a title which hardly sounds suggestive of a winner of a classic race.

CRICKET.—The London cricket season may be said to have opened with the M.C.C. v. Sussex match at Lord's. The weather interfered a good deal with the game, which resulted in a victory for the M.C.C. by ten wickets. Rylott was very destructive to the Sussex wickets, obtaining no less than ten for 58 runs.—At Lord's, too, the Colts of the North have played against the Colts of the South, and beaten them by 151 runs. Copeland and Banner showed some good bowling form for the North.—Surrey v. Essex was the opening match at the Oval, when the former gained a decisive victory by an innings and 48 runs. W. W. Reid made 143 and Abel 49 out of the Surrey total of 238; and of the 67 credited to Essex in the first innings 48 were made by Jones.—The Surrey Club has a balance in hand of 4,739.

AQUATICS.—The Pair-Oars at Cambridge have been won by R. H. Coke and S. Swann, of Trinity Hall, who beat M. Hutchinson and S. Fairbairn, of Jesus, in the final heat. The Pairs have now been won four years running by Trinity Hall.—Though the rumour of the projected departure of Beach from Australia has not been confirmed, there is little doubt but that we shall see him in this country some time in the autumn. Some London patrons of rowing have promised to raise a handsome sum of money for a sweepstakes if Hanlan, Beach, Ross, and Teemer can be brought together in the competition.

PEDESTRIANISM.—The Fifty Miles Championship race at the Westminster Aquarium was won by Cartwright, who distinguished himself in the recent long-distance tournament. His time was 6 h. 19 min. 20 sec. Mason was second, but three miles behind the winner. The best record for the distance is Littlewood's 6 h. 8 min.—The 220 yards' record has been beaten by H. Hutchens, who on Monday last at Lillie Bridge covered the distance in 21 4/5 seconds.

ROLLER SKATING.—A Six Days' Roller Skating Tournament will be the attraction at the Aquarium next week. There are over a score of accepted entries, which include the recognised champions at various distances, the "Champion Grotesque Skater," and a Russian performer named Pelikoff.—At Battle Creek, Michigan, a Shetland pony has been taught to do fancy skating on wheels, which is certainly an advance on the recent "tight rope" performance of the horse at Covent Garden Theatre.

CYCLING.—The well-known bicyclists, Howell, of Coventry, and Lees, of Leicester, who in March last ran a dead heat for the Twenty Miles' Professional Championship, met again at Leicester on Saturday last in the same competition, when Howell won by three yards. His time was 1 h. 7 min. 23 sec.



A LIVE ALBATROSS, the first ever brought to Europe, has just been received in the Paris Jardin d'Acclimatation.

PARIS IS SHORTLY TO HAVE ITS CREMATORIUM, provided that the Municipal Council adopts certain measures which are now under consideration.

THE FIRST BOOK ever printed in English, "Le Fevre Recuyell of the Histories of Troy" was sold by auction on Monday for 1,820l. Caxton states in the epilogue to the third book that it was during the progress of this work that he learned printing.

THE AMERICANS are among the principal purchasers at the Paris Salon. One New Yorker is said to have bought Pasini's "Sultan Visiting a Mosque," D. Ridgway Knight's "Babillards," Jules Breton's "The Last Ray," Miss E. Gardner's "Un Coin de Ferme," and F. H. Kæmmerer's "Falling Evening."

MORMONISM IS STILL ON THE INCREASE. The *New York Herald* tells us that there are now sixty-five Elders constantly at work in the South Atlantic States, and more converts than ever are being made. It is expected that fully seven hundred proselytes will leave the South for Utah and Colorado this year.

SPIDER FRICASSÉE, purée of meal-worms, salmi of beetles, and devilled spider are some proposed new dishes to be eaten. In a recently published work insects are recommended as a useful adjunct to our monotonous dietary. Caterpillars, ants, and slugs are all to be included, together with wasps, bluebottles, and earwigs.

THE ROGUES' ALBUM, in the Berlin Criminal Police Court, did good service during 1884, 124 criminals having been identified by its means. In the same year 363 photographic portraits were added to its number, including those of four murderers, 53 burglars, 21 pick-pockets, and 16 shop-lifters, making a total number of 3,822.

ORANGES coloured with fuchsine, so as to resemble the highly-prized "blood orange," form the latest addition to adulterated edibles in Paris. Dyed tomatoes have also been offered for sale in Paris. The fruit not having acquired its usual deep hue, the producers covered it with red paint, for which on discovery they were fined 100 francs.

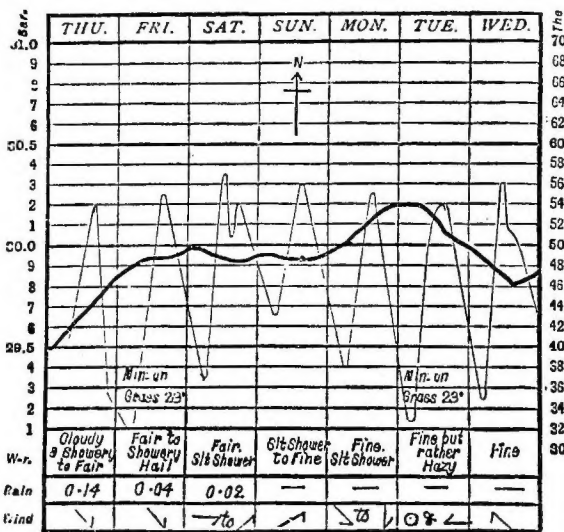
ONE OF SHAKESPEARE'S AUTOGRAPHS has been acquired by the Chicago Historical Society. The autograph is written on the fly-leaf of a volume of Shakespeare's Comedies and Tragedies, published in 1663. It was once owned by the Rev. John Ward, Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon during Shakespeare's time, and was brought to the United States by an early settler in Illinois. In the autograph the poet's name is spelled "Shakspear."

THE AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN was amusingly out-spoken during the recent Durbar. He does not understand, *The Times* of India tells us, the complacency of the English in allowing the native princes to have armies of their own. He was told that they are occasionally useful to us, and had, in fact, taken part in the last Afghan war. "Ah! and were killed off that way?" was the Ameer's reply. "No; they kept our lines of communication open in the Kurram Valley." "Did they? I should have sent them where they might be thinned a little." His Highness evidently does not approve of the idea of having armies within armies.

THE MAHARAJAH OF TRAVANCORE is certainly "worth his weight in gold." He was recently weighed against a mass of pure gold, which was afterwards dispensed in charity. This custom, called "Tulabhara," is one of great antiquity, and is said to be traceable in Travancore to the fourth century. It is not unknown in other parts of India, though, of course, gold is only used in the case of wealthy persons, humbler folk being content to weigh themselves against spices or grain. On the present occasion the Maharajah weighed a little over nine stone. The Brahmins, it is said, wished to defer the ceremony, in the hope that the Maharajah might more nearly approach the weight of his father, who did not undergo the rite until forty-seven years old, when he weighed 14¾ stone.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, MAY 13, 1885

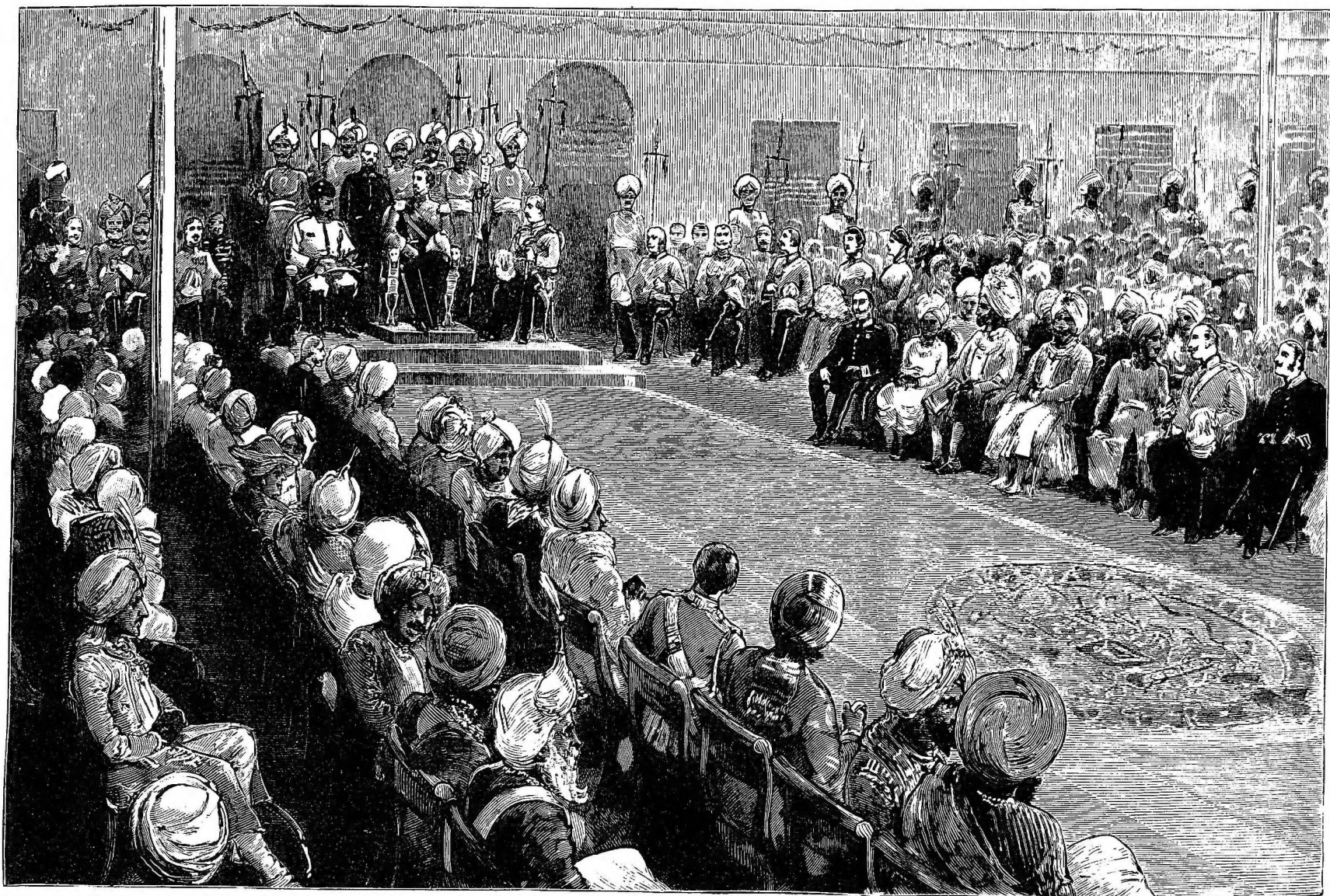


EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week has been most unseasonable. The thermometer in the daytime has at no time exceeded 57°, and the nights have been very cold, with sharp ground frosts. At the commencement of the time pressure was relatively high to the south-westward and low to the eastward of our islands, the prevailing winds being therefore north-west. Owing to the advance of some small depressions from the westward, showers of cold rain and hail were frequent during Thursday (7th inst.) and Friday (8th inst.), and the weather upon the whole was exceedingly unpleasant. On Saturday (9th inst.), a change was brought about by the passage eastwards of some depressions along the north of Scotland. These disturbances caused the wind to back to the westward, or even to the south-west, and for a time the weather in London was rather more genial. On Sunday (10th inst.), however, the depressions passed away to Norway, and the wind shortly afterwards veered to north-west again, while temperature fell slightly. At the close of the week the distribution of pressure had become rather complicated, owing to the formation of a small depression on our south-west coast. The wind had shifted to the east in most places, and the air still felt cold, but in London the weather remained fair. On the nights of Thursday (7th inst.) and Monday (11th inst.) the thermometer exposed on the surface of the grass fell to 23°. The barometer was highest (30.20 inches) on Monday (11th inst.); lowest (29.47 inches) on Thursday (7th inst.); range, 0.73 inches. Temperature was highest (57°) on Saturday (9th inst.); lowest (32°) on Friday (8th inst.); range, 25°. Rain fell on three days. Total amount, 0.20 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.14 inches on Thursday (7th inst.).

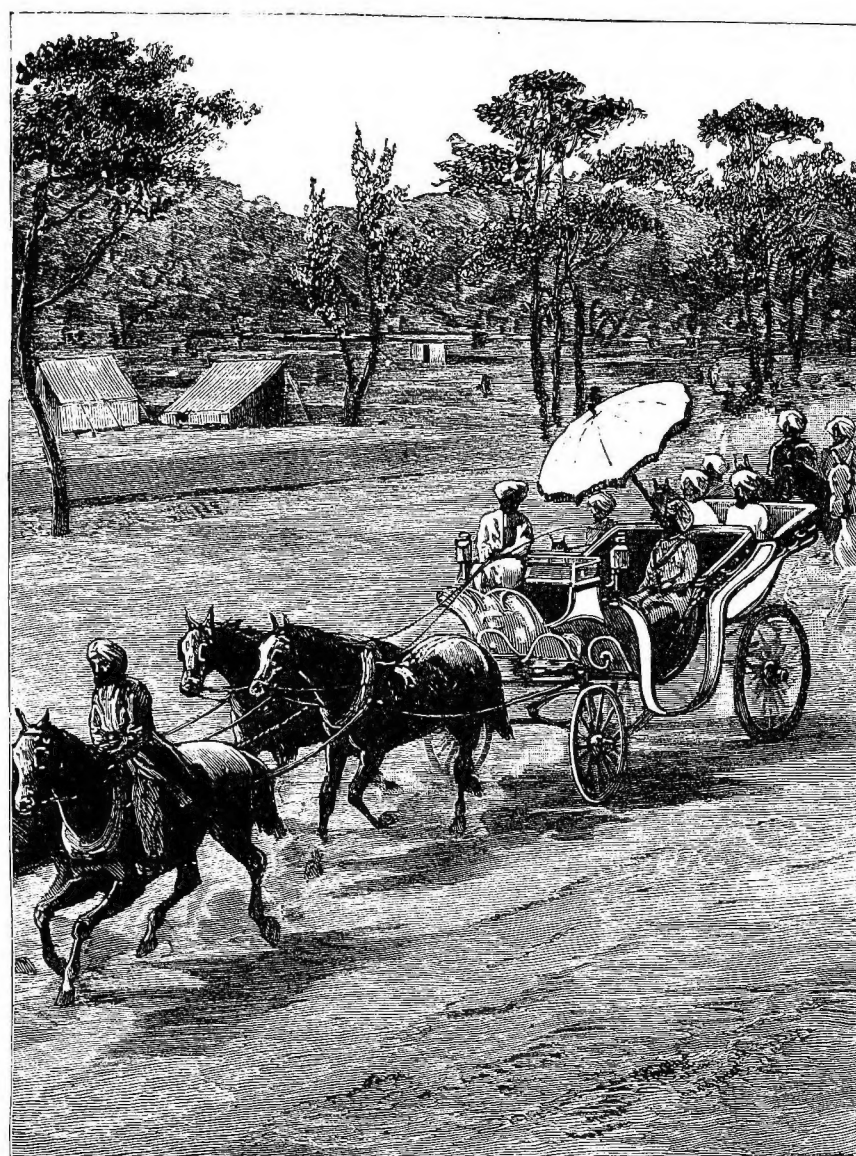


ABUL RAHMAN, AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN

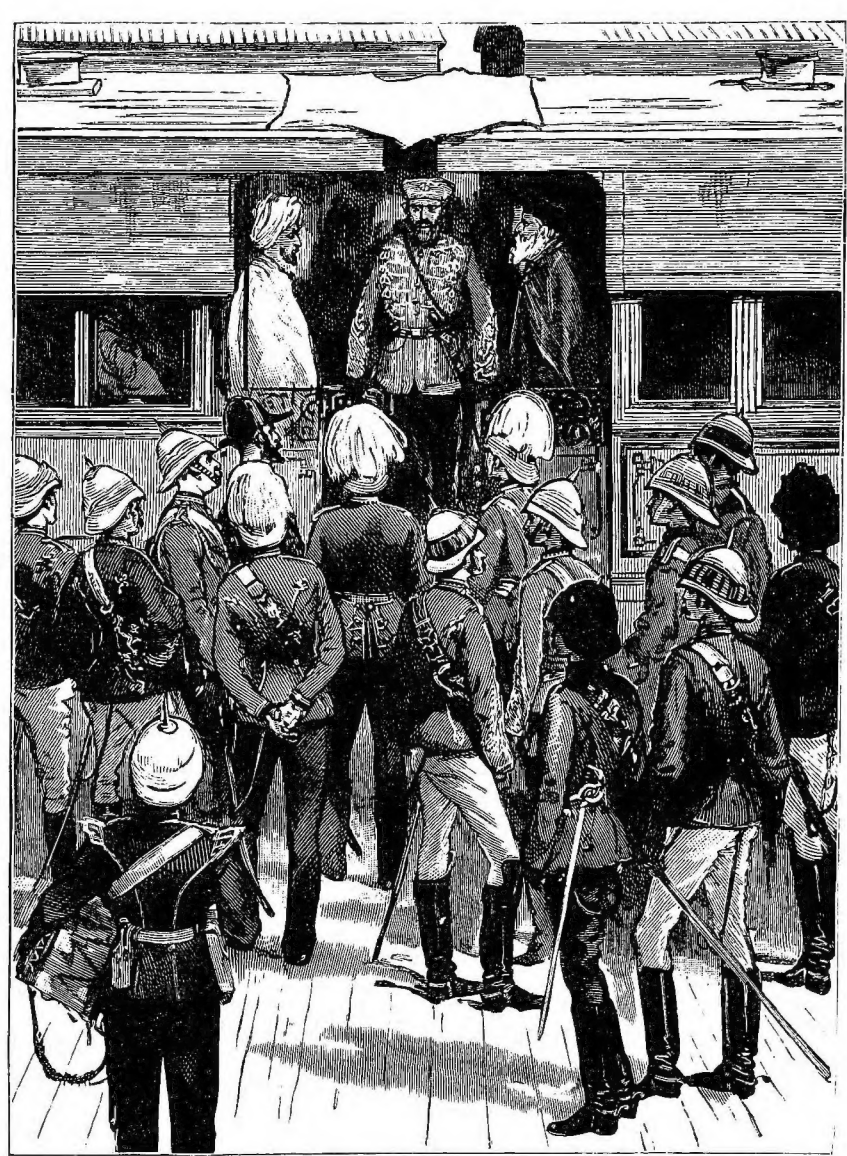


THE DURBAR AT RAWUL PINDI

THE AFGHAN FRONTIER DIFFICULTY



THE RAJAH OF JHIND IN HIS SILVER CARRIAGE



DEPARTURE OF THE AMEER FROM RAWUL PINDI



LORD DUFFERIN, THE AMEER, THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, AND SUITE
THE AFGHAN FRONTIER DIFFICULTY



THE negotiations between ENGLAND and RUSSIA have so far been essentially favourable to a peaceful settlement, and Lord Granville, Lord Kimberley, Mr. Lessar, and M. de Staal have agreed to a draft arrangement relating to the delimitation of Afghanistan, which the Russian Ambassador has now referred to St. Petersburg. Thus throughout Europe peace is regarded as assured, but failing the details of the concessions which Mr. Gladstone intimates have been made by Russia, that country is generally credited with a victory all along the line, and England is roundly laughed at for making so much bluster and such a display of war preparations, and then apparently giving Russia all that she requires. In St. Petersburg the journals are especially jubilant, and talk largely of the success of "Russian firmness," and the glorious success of the "Czar's steadfast policy." One writer, Prince Mestchewsky, even suggests that Russia should now also claim an indemnity from England for her expenditure in war preparations. These by the way have somewhat been relaxed on both sides, Russia having stopped the despatch of her southern troops across the Caspian, while for our part, transport of troops and stores to the Bolan and North-Western frontier has been suspended. At the same time the preparations have by no means been abandoned, and are ready to be renewed at a moment's notice. It is said that the Ameer has decided to have his new frontier strongly fortified as soon as it is settled, and that Colonel Stewart and one other British officer are to go to Herat in order to advise the Ameer with regard to the defensive works of that city. General Komaroff's full report of the Penjdeh action has been published, but adds little which is new to the Russian version of the affair, the blame being completely thrown upon the Afghans, and their persistent advance after March 17.

In INDIA the news of the arrangement with Russia has been received with great consternation, for it is generally believed that an eventual conflict between England and Russia is inevitable, and that the postponement of this through what is called the English surrender will be utilised by Russia in completing her preparations for a definitive advance. One native journal, in an article, "National Humiliation and England's Prestige," remarks, "England's humiliation, we are pained and shocked to say, was never so complete or degrading. . . . For the sake of England and the honour of the Ministry, as British subjects loyal and faithful to the Crown, we feel covered with shame, degradation, and humiliation, while England's enemies are probably laughing at her pitiable condition, and the Russians are enjoying a quiet sneer."

In EGYPT, also, considerable discontent has been caused amongst the European population by the announcement of the abandonment of the Soudan campaign, and the report that even Suakim is to be evacuated, and possibly handed over to Turkey. People can understand the withdrawal of the Khartoum expedition, as General Gordon is dead and the Mahdi has practically retreated into Kordofan, but the statement that the troops in the Eastern Soudan are to be recalled before Osman Digma is crushed and the country pacified is pronounced to be incomprehensible. To turn to the field of action, Lord Wolseley has been inspecting the various camps and outposts, and has highly praised the Australian and Sikh troops. There has been very little desultory fighting, and our advanced posts have been pushed forward to Tambouk, where there is a smartly laid-out camp garrisoned by some 770 Scots Guards and Engineers, under Colonels Trefusis and Wood. The troops along the line from Suakim are mainly employed in protecting the parties of navvies working upon the railway. At night the non-combatants are gathered together in a large camp surrounded by a strong body of troops, who sleep fully accoutred. The native tribes appear anxious to give in their submission, but fear Osman Digma's vengeance should we retire. Amongst others are the Habbat section of the Beni Amer tribes between Suakim and Massowah. These in the south, together with the Amarras in the north, will form a strong barrier against Osman Digma. The heat of the weather is causing much sickness amongst our troops.

There is very little home news of outside interest stirring in FRANCE. The peace negotiations appear to be going on favourably with China, and M. Patenôtre has now entered into official relations at Tientsin with Li Hung Chang. The peaceful aspect of the Anglo-Russian dispute has created a deep feeling of relief, so much so, indeed, that the journals do not gird at England so much as might have been expected, and the *Debats* and *Temps* concur in declaring that the mediation agreed upon is by no means derogatory to England's dignity. The Committee of the Chamber of Deputies has unanimously confirmed the Egyptian Financial Convention, and M. de Freycinet, in a statement on the subject, has claimed a success for French diplomacy. Two serious questions, he continued, were raised by the Convention—the evacuation of Egypt, which has been deferred at the request of England, and the free navigation of the Suez Canal, which was now being deliberated by the International Commission now sitting at Paris. The chief features of an international agreement have all been settled, save one, the supervision of the Canal. In this matter England differs from the other Powers, and though at present there is a dead lock, the ultimate result will probably be the formation of a Commission similar to that which controls the Danube navigation. From Paris there is very little gossip. On Sunday there was a terrible scene in a Protestant Church in the Rue Madame, near the Luxembourg. A young Swiss, named Hermann Keller, who appears to have been wrong in the head, blew out his brains during the service, exclaiming as he did so, "Down with hypocrisy! Truth for ever!" There has been one theatrical novelty, an amusing comedy by MM. Louis Bataille and Henri Feugère, at the Renaissance, entitled *Le Cornac*.

In CANADA General Middleton has gained a decided success over Riel's forces at Batoche. Last week he left his quarters at Fish Creek, and advanced to Gabriel's Crossing. Thence he marched to a spot some ten miles from Batoche. On Saturday the armed steamer *Northcote* was sent down the river, and an advance was also made by land by General Middleton. The steamer, however, was disabled by the fire of the rebels, and was of no use whatever. On his side General Middleton, advancing with great caution, reached the heights above the town of Batoche, and opened fire with his artillery. The front line of the rebels was driven back, and St. Laurent Church, which stands upon an eminence, was occupied. The troops then began to shell the town, when a party of rebels, who had crept up to our batteries through the bushes, made a sudden rush upon their two guns, which were weakly guarded, and drove off the gunners. Captain Howard, however, of the United States Army, who was in charge of the Gatling (having been sent by the makers to teach the use of it), turned this formidable weapon upon the rebels, who, terrified by the frightful storm of balls, fled back into the bush. A fire was kept up throughout the day upon the rebels, who could not, however, be driven out of their ravine positions.

On Sunday the attack was renewed with a sharp cannonade, and on Monday General Middleton suddenly attacked the enemy's outworks. The troops charged the position with a cheer, and, although

received with a tremendous volley, drove the rebels out of their pits, and captured them. A severe engagement then ensued, under cover of trees and brushwood, but the rebels were forced back to their inner line of defence in the village, and by the last advances General Middleton had surrounded the rebels, and was starving them into surrender. The Canadian loss was five killed and fifteen wounded. General Middleton's casualties on Saturday were one man killed and seven wounded. Captain Howard's bravery is warmly eulogised, as it is considered that he saved General Middleton from a serious disaster. General Strange is still at Edmonton, and Colonel Otter remains entrenched at Battleford. It is now felt in Canada that General Middleton's force is too small; strong reinforcements of troops are being sent to the front, and there is little doubt that the rebellion turns out to be a far more serious matter than had been expected. No further outbreaks of disloyalty are reported, and the Canadian Government Commission sent to Calgary to treat with the Half-Breeds of the Alberta territory has succeeded in making a satisfactory settlement, by which the Half-Breeds agree to accept the Government's offer of scrip in settlement of their claims.

In the UNITED STATES general surprise has been caused by the acquittal of Richard Short, who was charged with having stabbed Phelan in O'Donovan Rossa's office. The judge expressed great astonishment at the verdict of the jury, and one juror has been arrested under suspicion of having been bribed by Rossa's adherents. Another Fenian event has been a banquet given to Frank Byrne's wife. In a speech referring to the murder of Lord F. Cavendish and Mr. Burke, Byrne is reported to have remarked that "two of the Irish army went and killed two of the English army." The forthcoming wheat crop is looked forward to with some anxiety, and is pronounced by one competent authority to be "the most disastrous failure experienced during the last ten years."

Of MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS we hear from BELGIUM that Mr. H. M. Stanley will be appointed Governor of the Congo New Free State.—In GERMANY there has been a brisk debate in the Reichstag respecting a Bill prohibiting labour on Sunday. Prince Bismarck opposed the Bill, and spoke five times, denying that the superiority of English and American manufactures was due to Sunday being a day of rest, and contrasted England's opulence and education in Shakespeare's time with that of Germany, which he further declared was thrown back more than any other nation by the Thirty Years' War. He excited considerable merriment by declaring that on arriving at Hull on a Sunday he had been reproved for whistling.—AUSTRIA is alarmed at Prince Bismarck's persistent Protectionist policy, and at his having induced Spain to agree to the enhanced cereal duties.—In ITALY the Neapolitans have been enthusiastically *fitting* the King and Queen, who have visited their city to open some new water-works. Last time the King went to Naples was during the cholera epidemic last autumn.—SPAIN is quarrelling with England, because H.M.S. *Superb* picked up a derelict off Cape Trafalgar, and, as it was dangerous to navigation, had it towed to Gibraltar. The hull being claimed by the Governor of Cadiz, the Spaniards demand that it should either be sent to Cadiz or replaced in its former position.—From ICELAND comes news of a terrible avalanche last month. Fifteen houses and their inmates were swept into the sea. Twenty-four persons perished, and fifty fishing-boats were destroyed.—The Sultan of ZANZIBAR has protested against German encroachments, and has appealed for assistance to the Treaty Powers.—ENGLAND and GERMANY appear to have settled their differences in the South Pacific, and an agreement is stated to have been concluded.—Queen Emma of the SANDWICH ISLANDS died on the 25th ult.—In SOUTH AFRICA Sir Charles Warren has gone northward. He has withdrawn military rule from Stellaland, which henceforward is to be governed by the local authorities, under the advice of Captains Trotter and Vincent. Mr. Van Niekerk has again been remanded.



THE QUEEN and Princess Beatrice have spent three days in town this week. At the close of last week Her Majesty, with the Princess Beatrice, visited the Empress Eugénie at Farnborough, returning to the Castle in the evening, and on Saturday drove to Frogmore, meeting the Prince of Wales with Prince George. Princess Louise left the Castle in the evening, and Prince and Princess Christian dined with Her Majesty. On Sunday the Queen and Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel, the Very Rev. Randall Davidson officiating. Prince Henry of Battenberg arrived at the Castle. On Monday Her Majesty drove out with Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg, and the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury dined with the Queen. On Tuesday the Queen, with Princess Beatrice, Prince Henry of Battenberg, and Princess Margaret and Prince Arthur of Connaught, left Windsor in the afternoon for Buckingham Palace. In the evening the Duchess of Roxburghe, Earl Sydney, Earl Kenmare, and the Duke of Westminster presented Princess Beatrice, on behalf of the Queen's Household, with a set of silver candelabra. On Wednesday the Queen held a Drawing-Room, and on Thursday was to visit Kensington Palace and see the Duchess of Cambridge. Her Majesty was to return to Windsor yesterday (Friday). Next week the Court will go to Balmoral for five weeks. The marriage of Princess Beatrice is fixed for the 23rd of July. The bridesmaids, it is stated by the *World*, will be the daughters of the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Christian, and the Princess Irene of Hesse. The Queen will give away the bride.

The Prince and Princess of Wales were present at a ball given by Lady Emily Kingscote and Colonel Teesdale last week. On Saturday evening the Prince and Princess went to Drury Lane Theatre, and witnessed the performance of *Manon*. On Sunday, the Prince and Princess, Prince George, and the Princesses attended Divine Service. On Monday the Prince of Wales held a *levée* at St. James's Palace on behalf of Her Majesty, and in the evening went to the Savoy Theatre with the Princess and Princess Louise of Wales, Princess Christian and the Grand Duke of Mecklenberg-Strelitz lunched with the Prince and Princess on Tuesday. The Prince, attended by Sir Dighton Probyn and Colonel Teesdale, inspected the Maxim gun at Hatton Garden, and in the afternoon went to the House of Lords. The Prince of Wales will inspect the Norfolk Artillery Militia (in which Prince Albert Victor is serving) on the 20th inst., at Great Yarmouth. In the evening a ball will be given, at which the Prince will attend. The Prince has intimated his intention of being present at the Middle Temple on June 10th, when Prince Albert Victor will be called to the Bar, and will dine in the Hall.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh visited the Court Theatre last week, and went to the Princess's Theatre on Monday. The Duke and Duchess will be present at the Costume Ball of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours next Monday. Princess Christian opened a bazaar at Poplar on Monday in aid of a movement for erecting a permanent mission building in connection with St. Saviour's Church.—The Duke of Connaught has been granted two months' leave of absence, which he intends to spend at Simla.



PREACHING on various social problems at Canterbury Cathedral last Sunday, the Primate referred to the Report of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Poor as bringing out the fact that the law had made very great provision to remedy such monstrous evils as make one's flesh creep, while public opinion had never cared to set the law in motion. "Think of that!" was His Grace's indignant exclamation. "Good laws made for the protection of the helpless never obeyed, never enforced." For "never" might perhaps be fitly substituted the familiar "hardly ever."

IN HIS SERMON after consecrating All Saints' Church, Tufnell Park, the Bishop of London gave two rather novel reasons for spending money on church-building. One was that with every church built more money was subscribed for charitable purposes, the other that opportunities for the admiration of beauty denied them in their homes were afforded to the poor by the erection of beautiful places of worship.

THE OFFERTORY, amounting to more than 7*l.*, and consisting of nearly a thousand coins, at St. Saviour's, Southwark, last Sunday evening, is to be devoted to placing in that church a memorial window in remembrance of Alice Ayres, on whose local heroism the rector preached the sermon.

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Liberation Society it was resolved that all Liberal candidates at the General Election should be required to vote for the abolition of the Church Establishment in Wales and Scotland at least. In the evening the Society held its usual annual demonstration at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Mr. Spurgeon being among the speakers.—At the meeting this week in London of the Congregational Union of England, under its new president, the Rev. J. Thomas, among the resolutions agreed to was one recommending the members of the Union to avail themselves of the opportunity presented by the enlargement of the Parliamentary constituencies to press the question of Disestablishment and Disendowment to a legislative settlement.

"THE SCOTTISH CHURCH," a new monthly sixpenny magazine, will be published on the 28th inst. by Messrs. R. and R. Clark, Edinburgh. As its name implies, it is primarily intended to defend the interests of the Church of Scotland, but it will also deal with general literary topics, and has in its list of intending contributors many well-known names.



DVORÁK—MACKENZIE.—On Wednesday Antonin Dvorák conducted, at St. James's Hall, the first performance in public of his patriotic "Ode," dedicated to the English people. The "Ode" is an appeal of the Slavs for liberty, and it is permeated with the patriotic spirit. As music, it cannot be considered apart from its essentially nationalist surroundings, and its performance aroused a somewhat lethargic audience to something like enthusiasm. Mr. Mackenzie, although present, did not conduct his Bristol cantata, *Jason*, and the performance—despite the assistance of Madame Albani and Messrs. Lloyd and Santley—gave the audience but a slender idea of the merits of the work. A feeble tenor solo, of the traditional operatic pattern, which was interpolated for this performance should, in Mr. Mackenzie's own interests, henceforth be suppressed. Mendelssohn's *Loreley*, with Madame Albani as soloist, concluded the concert.

THE OPERA.—The success of Massenet's *Manon* is so complete that the opera has been performed four times within the first week. The composer is greatly indebted to his interpreters. A brighter or more vivacious Manon than Madame Marie Roze, and a sweeter-voiced Des Grieux than Mr. Maas, it would be almost impossible to find. The French prima donna has especially carried off the honours in the first character it has been her duty to create on the English stage. On Saturday *Mignon* will be revived, and Madame Julia Gaylord will make her reappearance with this company. The last revival of the season will probably be the *Marriage of Figaro*. Mozart's comic masterwork was some years ago one of the favourite items in the Carl Rosa repertory, despite a feeble English version, which Mr. Rosa once made Mr. W. S. Gilbert a handsome but unsuccessful offer to rewrite. The cast at Drury Lane will include the three leading lady artists of the company—Mesdames Valleria, Burns, and Marie Roze. The season will close on Saturday week, the 30th instant.—Madame Patti arrived in England on Sunday, but Mr. Mapleson delayed his departure from New York till Thursday last, so that he will not return till next week. It is now understood that an Italian Opera Season this year is improbable, but both Mr. Gye and Mr. Mapleson will give operatic concerts at the Albert Hall. After the close of the Carl Rosa season, operatic performances will therefore, it is thought, be limited to the few representations of *Lakmé* and *Mireille*, by Miss Van Zandt and a French company, at the Gaiety next month.

FERDINAND HILLER.—A telegram from Cologne states that the veteran musician, Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, died in that city on Sunday. For thirty-five years his influence was supreme in the musical city by the Rhine. Like his friend Schumann, who dedicated to him his pianoforte concerto, Hiller united the functions of composer, pianist, teacher, and newspaper critic. His compositions have frequently been heard here, where however his chamber music has been better appreciated than his more elaborate works. His cantata, *Nala und Damayanti*, produced at Birmingham barely fourteen years ago, is now forgotten. With his operas English audiences are totally unacquainted. In 1872, Hiller played at the Crystal Palace and the Monday Popular Concerts, and he has since occasionally visited his friends here. His most successful pupils at the Cologne Conservatoire were Herr Max Bruch and Mr. F. Corder. Hiller was one of Mendelssohn's biographers. A Hebrew by birth, Hiller first saw the light at Frankfurt, in October, 1811. In March, 1827, his master Hummel, the pupil of Mozart, took young Hiller, then a lad of fifteen, to the bedside of the dying Beethoven. A month before, Goethe had written a sonnet in honour of Hummel's young pupil. Hiller was in after-life the friend and correspondent of Spohr, Mendelssohn, Hauptmann, Schumann, Chopin, Cherubini, Rossini, Berlioz, Meyerbeer, David, Liszt, and many other musical celebrities of his day. Hiller was a sincere lover of old classical forms, but in a letter published in the *Cologne Gazette* in 1872, he declared that, although the greater part of Wagner's music was antipathetical to him, yet that he had gladly produced the *Meistersinger* prelude, and other works, at his concerts.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—At his third concert, on Monday, Dr. Richter introduced an orchestral fantasia, by the Russian composer, Glinka. It is based on two popular Russian melodies, a wedding and a dance song. Brahms' setting for alto solo, and chorus of two

verses of Goethe's poem, "The Hartz Mountains in Winter," portions of Wagner's *Nibelungen's Ring*, and the second symphony and *Meerestille* of Beethoven were likewise performed.—Señor Sarasate attracted a large audience on Monday afternoon by the announcement of the Mendelssohn Concerto, which few living violinists can play with more exquisite grace and refinement.—Mr. Hallé gave the first of his series of Chamber Concerts on Saturday, when pianoforte trios by Brahms and Schumann, an early Sonata in A, for piano and violin, by Gade, and Beethoven's fifteen variations (Op. 35) formed the scheme. Mr. Hallé was, as usual, assisted by the distinguished violinist, Madame Norman Néruda, and her brother Franz.—On the same day the clever young pianist, Mdlle. Kleeberg, gave a varied recital, Beethoven's D minor Sonata (Op. 29, No. 2) and Bach's Suite Anglaise being the principal works.—On Monday Miss Emma Barnett, the popular young English pianist, played at a recital the "Moonlight" Sonata and other music.—Among the numerous performances of the week may be mentioned a revival of Mr. Randegger's charming operetta, *The Rival Beauties*, a performance of Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion*, and concerts given by Madame Frickenhaus, Herr Ludwig, Mr. W. Nicholls, Miss Jessie Bridge, Herr Peiniger, Mdlle. D. Le Brun, Mdlle. Heimlicher, and others. Several free recitals have also been given in the new music-room upon the pianos exhibited at the Inventions Exhibition.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Herr Moszkowski has arrived from Berlin to conduct his orchestral piece, *Joan of Arc*, at next Wednesday's Philharmonic concert.—M. Gounod has expressed his intention not to come to England in the autumn to conduct his new oratorio at the Birmingham Festival.—Sir Julius Benedict, who is now almost convalescent, announces his fifty-first annual concert for June 17.—Messdames Albani and Trebelli, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Santley, and Sarasate will appear at Mr. Ambrose Austin's concert at the Albert Hall this (Saturday) afternoon.—Richter will produce Mr. Eugene d'Albert's new overture, *Hyperion*, on Monday.—On the occasion of the opening of the Hôtel Métropole next Monday, May 18, a Grand Military Concert will take place there, at 5.30 p.m., for the benefit of the Egyptian War Fund. The Prince and Princess of Wales purpose to be present.—Mrs. Dutton Cook (Mrs. Charles Yates), announces that her Grand Morning Concert will be given at Mr. Sassoon's House, 1, Belgrave Square, on Wednesday, May 27, at 3 p.m.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

II.

A MORE important work by Sir Frederick Leighton than that already mentioned is the large decorative frieze, "Music," hanging in the fourth gallery. In various attitudes of statuesque simplicity and grace, slightly-draped figures with symbolic attributes are ranged on either side of a golden statue. The draperies are cast in grand and simple folds, and their colours well-chosen, with a view of producing a rich and harmonious decorative effect. The design throughout is masterly, and the style appropriately severe and simple. Learned draughtsmanship and fine modelling of form are also to be seen in Mr. E. J. Poynter's "Diadumenos" at the end of the room. The figure—almost of life size—is identical in design with that in the small picture exhibited here two years ago, but the background is slightly different. The maiden, who, standing on a richly inlaid marble floor beside a bath, is binding up her hair, is an admirable type of well-developed youthful beauty, perfect in proportion, and spontaneously graceful in movement. Mr. P. H. Calderon's small figure of "Andromeda" chained to the rock cannot be regarded as a success. He is seen to infinitely more advantage in a life-sized allegorical figure, "Morning," treated in simple decorative style.

Mr. G. D. Leslie's "The Language of Flowers," is attractive by reason of the air of repose and domestic refinement that pervades it. The two girls engaged in arranging flowers are animated, and unaffectedly graceful. The picture is more firmly painted than is customary with the artist, and in better keeping. Mr. J. B. Burgess also shows more than ordinary strength in a very characteristic picture of Southern Spanish life—"Una Lismonita por el Amor de Dios." At a church-door beggars of both sexes and various ages, picturesque but very dirty, with importunate gesture are soliciting alms from a young Andalusian lady and her duenna, who naturally shrink from their contact. The figures are naturally grouped as well as strikingly true to nature, and the picture as a whole conveys a strong impression of reality. In an elaborately finished picture of considerable size Mr. Marcus Stone has depicted a lovely lady of the last century moodily sitting under a tree while her husband and his boon companions are seen playing at cards on the lawn behind. The face of the lady might advantageously be more expressive, but the various characters of the men forming the distant group are nicely discriminated. The prevailing colour of the picture is morbid in its extreme suavity, but the artist has evidently spared no pains to give it completeness. The effect of bright, steady moonlight has, perhaps, never been more faithfully rendered than in Mr. Briton Rivière's large picture, "The Sheepstealers." The man lurking behind a stone wall, and restraining the eagerness of his impetuous dog, is very forcibly painted, and the army of horned sheep on the hill-side beyond, indistinctly seen through the intervening mist, present a singularly weird appearance. Landscape and figures are admirably combined in Mr. J. E. Hodgson's large upright picture, "Don Quixote and the Galley Slaves." Neither the figure of the knight nor that of his faithful Sancho Panza seems to us quite to realise the author's intention, but the picturesque and ragged ruffians who are preparing to stone their liberator are strikingly lifelike. The mountainous background, and the trees which form an important feature in the composition, are excellent in colour, and in perfect keeping with the well-grouped figures. Mr. F. Dicksee's picture, "Chivalry," strikes us as melodramatic in conception and conventional in treatment. The actors in the scene are a damsel bound to a tree and a knight in full armour, with his foot firmly planted on his prostrate enemy.

Together with many artistic merits the large picture called "Prisoners of War, 1805," by Mr. W. F. Yeames, has strong human interest, and is consequently sure to be popular. It represents the quay of a French seaport town with a party of fishing folk, chiefly women, attracted by the presence of two English midshipmen sitting on casks and guarded by a stern sentinel. The elder boy assumes an air of jaunty nonchalance, while the other, a very young boy with his arm in a sling, presents a more pitiable appearance. The onlookers are distinctly characterised. The mingled compassion and indignation of the foremost woman, who with energetic gesture appeals to an old curé, and the less demonstrative sympathy of those behind are admirably expressed. Some of these figures are unnaturally neat and clean, but they are all true types of unsophisticated nature. A second picture by the artist, "Dessert," is ably executed, but not especially interesting. It represents a comely girl bearing a large silver dish full of fruit. The largest picture shown by Mr. H. S. Marks, and entitled "A Good Story," shows a convivial after-dinner party of the eighteenth-century gentlemen sitting at a table with a punch bowl and pipes. The oldest of the party preserves a solemn countenance while telling a story that the faces of his four guests show to be of a humorous nature. The various degrees of amusement with which they listen to it are indicated with subtle skill.

The large picture by Mr. H. T. Wells, "Quarrymen of Purbeck,"

is a forcible but very prosaic rendering of commonplace fact. The men and boys, working at their craft, look as if they had been painted from photographs, and convey a sense of reality; the effect of broad daylight on the large mass of freshly-hewn stone is faithfully given, but balance of composition and general harmony of effect seem to have formed no part of the painter's purpose. Mr. F. Goodall's picture of an infant gleefully rolling on the ground is a repetition on an increased scale of the figure in his last year's picture. It is an excellent example of dexterous foreshortening and good draughtsmanship, but the dove with golden wings hovering above adds nothing to its value, nor is the quotation from Farrar's "Life of Christ" that forms its title at all appropriate. Mr. Goodall also sends a picture of a solitary Arab on a camel, rapidly traversing the desert by moonlight, entitled "Gordon's Last Messenger." The vigilant watchfulness of the man's face and the vigorous action of the beast are well rendered, but the subject might have been quite as effectively treated on a canvas half the size. The large picture "Venetians," by Mr. Luke Fildes, in subject and, to some extent, in composition resembles his work of last year, but it is more subdued in tone, and in better keeping. The animated girls naturally grouped on the bank of one of the small canals are true types of Venetian beauty, and the fishermen lounging about the *trattoria* behind are not less characteristic. The scene is full of daylight, and strikingly true in local colour. It seems to be very much the best work of the kind that the artist has produced.



By dint of sitting far into the morning, the House of Commons has within the last week accomplished a notable amount of work. At three o'clock on Saturday morning the Seats Bill passed the report stage, and on Tuesday morning, upon the urgent representation of Sir C. Dilke, it was read a third time. Even at this hour, in the presence of a score of exhausted senators, Mr. Courtney rose, and, like a prophet lifting up his voice in the wilderness, denounced the Bill because it failed to recognise the principle of proportional representation. Nevertheless, in spite of this last and most weighty protest, the Bill was read a third time, a little minority of thirty-three, chiefly composed of Parnellites, going into the lobby against it. Why on earth the Parnellites, who boast that they will profit by the Bill to the extent of increasing their members to eighty, should vote against it is incomprehensible.

Early on Wednesday morning a similar triumph was obtained in the matter of the English Registration Bill. The earlier part of the sitting had been occupied by a debate, and varied by a division which had been regarded with some anxiety by the Government and their friends. When the Registration Bills were brought in no one supposed that there lay hid within their folds the burning question of local taxation. This was suddenly sprung upon the Government in course of debate on the Irish Registration Bill. A motion was made to charge the costs of the Act upon the Imperial Exchequer. The Conservatives, seeing this opportunity suddenly opened before them, joined hands with the Parnellites, and at a late hour of the sitting in a very thin House, reinforced by Ministers suddenly summoned from various parts of the town, the motion was carried. It was brought up again in more formal manner in Committee on the English Registration Bill. That was a fair fight, taken after due notice, when both sides had an opportunity of marshalling their forces. The result was that the Government, in a full House, triumphed by the small majority of two.

Thus encouraged, and believing that at last, after many efforts in various directions, they had the Government "in chancery," the Conservatives resolved to take the extreme course of moving the recommitment of the Bill, in order to insert a clause which had already in the manner described been rejected. The narrow victory of the Government in Committee had been achieved only by making concessions. Mr. Gladstone had announced a contribution of 20,000l. from the Imperial Exchequer in relief of the English and Welsh rates, a sum in similar proportion to Scotland, and 10,000l. for Ireland. This had purchased a very narrow majority, and it was clear that if catastrophe was to be averted, the bribe must be considerably increased. That the Government were prepared to meet the market was made plain in the speech with which Mr. Gladstone followed Sir Massey Lopes. The bid was doubled as far as Great Britain was concerned, whilst Ireland was to have an additional 5,000l. This offer was received without enthusiasm by the House, an appearance which probably deceived the Conservative Leaders, and led them into another of the long series of tactical mistakes with which they are charged.

They had already placed upon record a division in which the Government majority had been reduced to two; they had squeezed a considerable sum of money out of the Chancellor of the Exchequer; the Government had retreated before their advance, and they might well have been content with these advantages. But nothing less than another division would suit them, and this Sir M. H. Beach made clear in a speech that was commendably brief. The division took place before the dinner hour, and the Government majority of two was increased to twenty-two, Sir Massey Lopes' amendment being rejected by 280 votes against 258, the largest majority the present Government have received on this question.

This was looked forward to as the most critical division of the week. But it was only one of two that have occupied public attention. On Monday Lord George Hamilton came forward with another Vote of Censure upon the Government, being the eighth submitted during the life of the present Parliament. The motion itself was not calculated to make the knees even of the most timid Minister shake. If the Government have been wrong in their foreign policy, they have been stupendously, gigantically wrong. Yet the Conservative Opposition, after prolonged deliberation, came forward with a so-called Vote of Censure which contented itself with demanding information before Supplies, already voted, and, as a matter of fact, largely spent, could receive their formal approval. But if the resolution was mild and colourless, the speeches with which it was supported were unusually animated. Lord George Hamilton, inspired by the watchful presence of Lord Randolph Churchill, whose views of the amendment, it is understood, had been conveyed to his respected Leaders without circumlocution, excelled himself in the vivacity of his language. He was replied to by Mr. Chamberlain, well-known as an adept in pugilistic debate. Lord Randolph Churchill came on later, Lord Hartington, Sir Stafford Northcote, and Mr. Gladstone speaking after midnight.

The Premier, whose speech did not conclude till two in the morning, maintained the general level of vigour and animation. His speech was mainly based upon the assertion that the Conservatives knew nothing whatever of the details of the arrangement with Russia upon which they based charges of cowardly surrender and the like. "You say," he cried, "that a speech breathing war was made on a Monday, and was followed by a speech of surrender on the following Monday," whereat the Conservatives boisterously cheered. "Suppose," the Premier went on, lowering his voice to impressive tones, "that, when the papers are brought to light, you find that the speech indicating some dark and gloomy views was made when the Government were contending for objects they hardly hoped to gain, and the speech in the more sanguine tone delivered

on the following Monday was made when those objects had been attained?" This significant passage was cheered again and again from the Liberal side, whilst the Conservatives sat silent and evidently puzzled. There had been much glib and confident talk about "surrender" and "humiliation." What if, after all, there had been a mistake somewhere, and the Government had really obtained from Russia by the mere threat of war, and the unmistakable evidence of preparing for it, the advantages which the country had been prepared to purchase by a bloody and costly campaign? Perhaps it would have been well to wait for the papers. It was too late now, and the House divided—the Vote of Censure being rejected by 290 votes against 260.

This debate had been preceded by statements which, as far as they related to the Russian settlement, helped to shake the confidence of the Conservatives on the theory of British humiliation and surrender. Earl Granville in one House, and Mr. Gladstone in the other, had stated that an agreement with Russia on the Frontier question had been substantially arrived at which was perfectly satisfactory to Her Majesty's Government. At this the Conservative Opposition snorted. "And let me add," Mr. Gladstone proceeded to say, "it is satisfactory to Lord Dufferin and the Council of India." That was evidently a very different thing. Earl Granville, of course, was accustomed to surrender, and humble pie was the habitual refreshment at Cabinet Councils. But Lord Dufferin and the Indian Council were, as the French say, "another pair of sleeves." Lord Hartington made a statement with respect to the Sudan which clearly showed that the Government had finally made up their minds to abandon the campaign and bring home the troops, a result hailed with loud cheers from the Liberals, and greeted with derision from the Conservative side.

The Lords are now within measurable distance of having some work to do. The Seats Bill has already reached them, and the Registration Bills will immediately follow. It may now be hoped that both the Reform Bill, and the machinery for carrying it out, will become law before the Whitsuntide Recess.

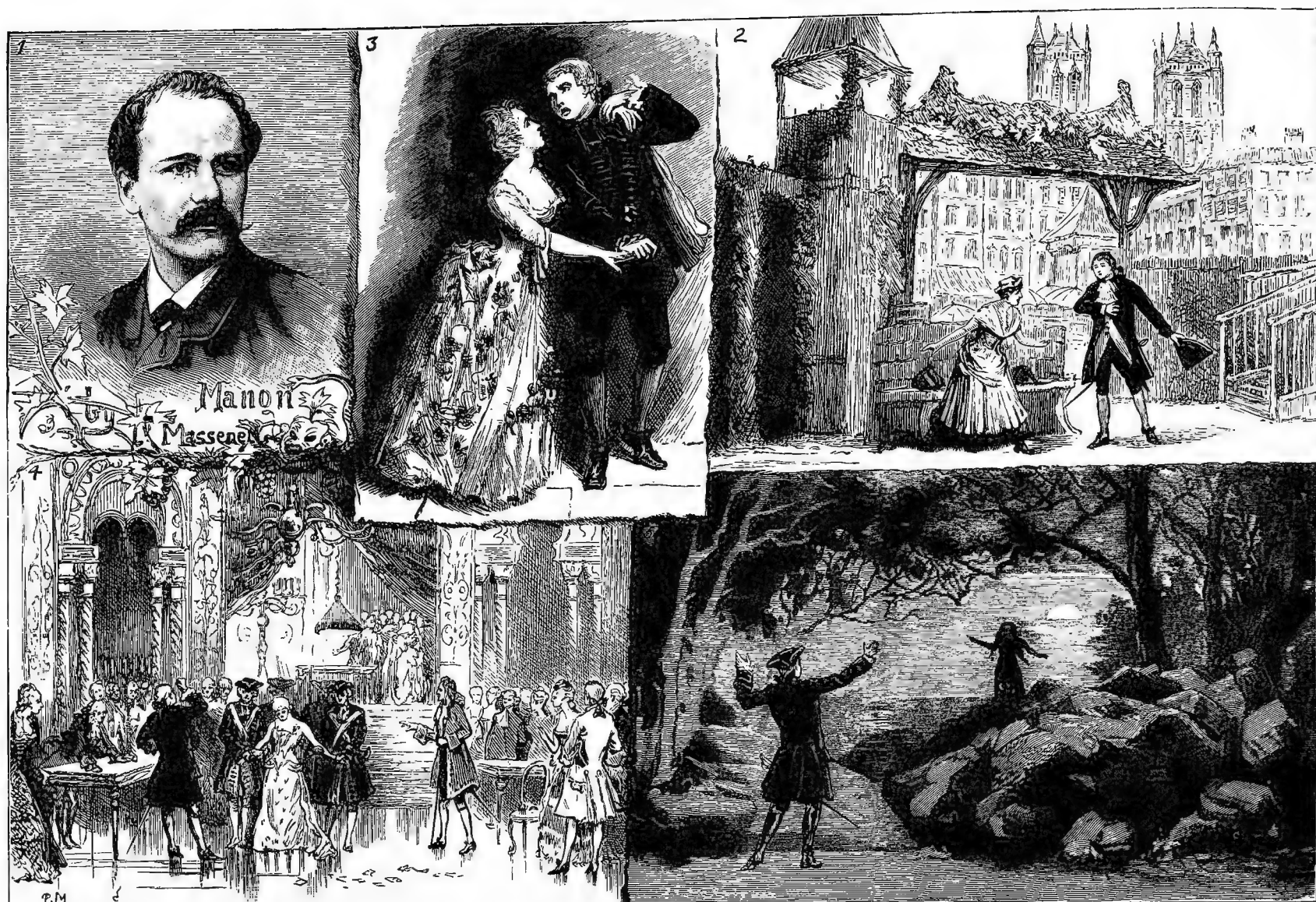


MR. IRVING'S ill-starred experiment in the way of reforming the arrangements in his pit and gallery has certainly not affected the popularity of his performances. It would be hard indeed if it had; for beyond the unworthy suspicion that he was desirous of getting, as some one has said, "the whole house into his hands," and "packing the front rows" of pit and gallery with friends on first nights, nor even a suggestion of any personal interest in the matter has been heard. After all, there seems no good reason why a playgoer of humble means should not be able to buy a secured seat; but the malcontents are, it seems, too strong for the management. Hence advantageous seats in the cheap parts of the house are to be, as heretofore, obtainable only by long waiting and much struggling on the staircases. The single performance of *Louis XI.* on Saturday drew a large audience, as did the revival of the *Merchant of Venice* on Saturday. Mr. Irving's powerful and original performance of the Jew, and Miss Ellen Terry's exquisitely graceful and tender impersonation of the playful but wise and kindly Portia, were received with much enthusiasm. As is unfortunately customary at the LYCEUM the *ensemble* leaves something to be desired. In this respect Mr. Irving's management is a little behind the standard of these times, as maintained at least at our best comedy theatres. Mr. Wenman's Antonio, Mr. Alexander's Bassanio, and Mr. Norman Forbes's Gratiano, however, must in fairness be excepted from this complaint. To-night *The Bells* will be revived, and on Tuesday and Wednesday *Louis XI.* will be repeated pending the reproduction of Mr. Will's *Olivia*, which beautiful play is likely to hold the Lyceum stage to the end of the season.

The theatrical managers' distrust of manuscript plays by unknown writers is doubtless begotten of experience; and it is fair to say that the charges brought against them of lack of enterprise and discernment has rarely been substantiated by satisfactory evidence. If the rumour, however, that the two new pieces brought out at *matinées* on Thursday in last week have been rejected by theatre after theatre be correct, we have at last something like proof of the justice of such complaints. *The Great Pink Pearl*, by Messrs. Carton and Raleigh, produced at the VAUDEVILLE, is a very clever and amusing piece, after the fashion of those long farces with which MM. Labiche, Meilhac, Halévy, and other French writers have made us familiar. If the elements of its mirthful story are not all new, the combination certainly exhibits much ingenuity, sense of fun, and dramatic instinct. It may be confidently assumed that *The Great Pink Pearl* is destined to a prosperous career at the Criterion or some house of a like order. The other piece referred to is a comedy by Messrs. Arnati White and Paul Grunfeld, entitled *The Road to Fame*. A rather vague confession that the piece is adapted "from the German" has been supplemented by the statement of the *Daily News* critic that it is a version of *Der Kuckuck*, a comedy by a somewhat obscure German dramatist, named Von Kneisel. The story, which awakens reminiscences of the case for the defence in the famous libel action brought by Mr. Belt, is rather thin for three acts; but the piece interests, the English dialogue is lively and amusing, and altogether the performance was deservedly successful. Contrary to common experience of casual *matinées*, both these pieces are admitted on all hands to have been extremely well played. In the latter Miss Kate Rorke gave a charming impersonation of a heroine of a type altogether free from stage conventionality.

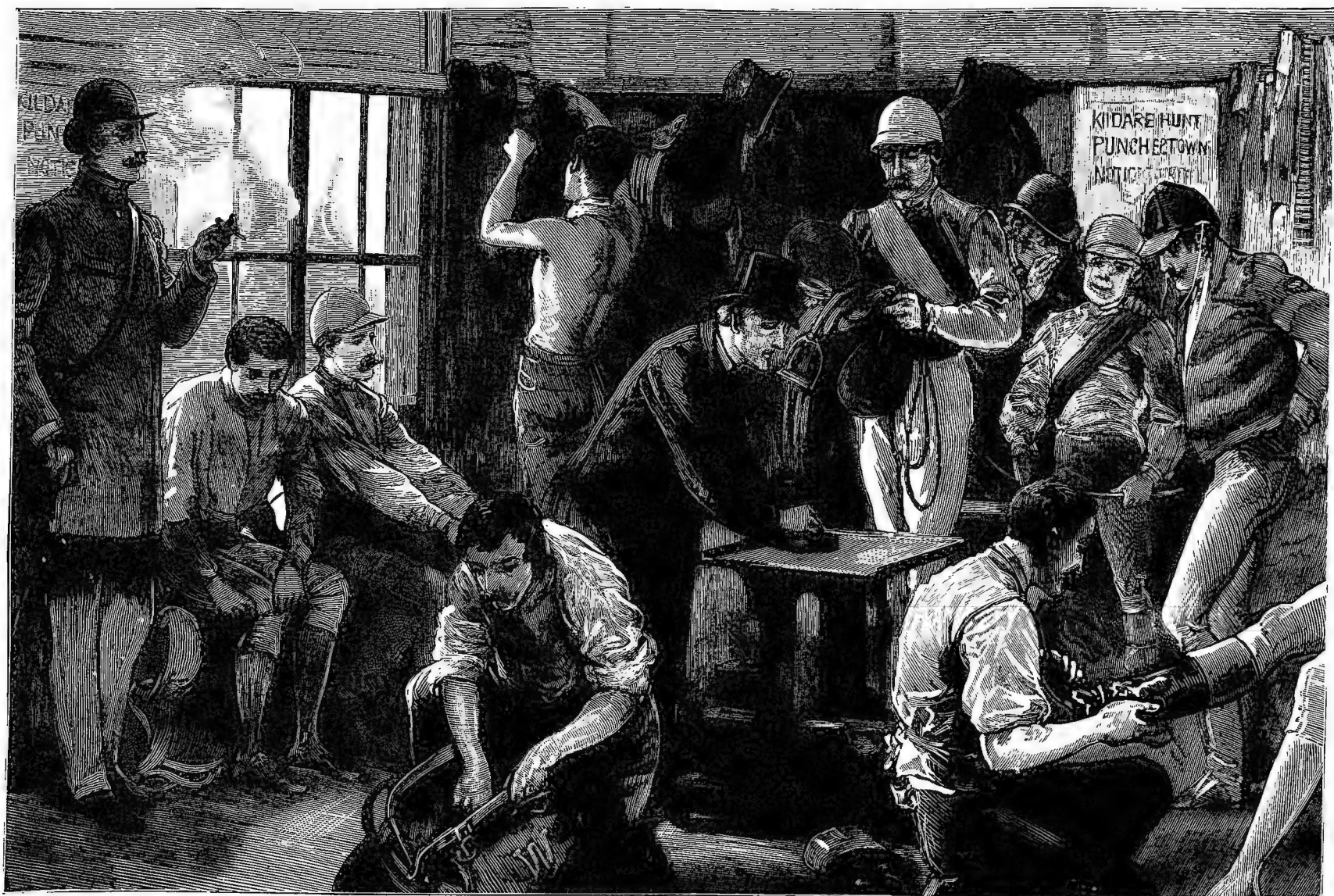
Miss Kate Vaughan has returned to the GAIETY, much to the satisfaction of her numerous admirers, who have now the advantage of seeing her in comedy and farce. Though this popular lady has ceased to make dancing a speciality, she takes part in the minuet in *High Life Below Stairs* with all her incomparable grace, in spite of the highly-coloured and grotesque spirit of the scene. For the present, and pending the commencement of the season of French plays, the Gaiety programme has taken a light and miscellaneous character. Four pieces occupy the bill, which, if they present no novelty, are lively and amusing, and are cleverly presented by Miss Vaughan, Mr. Royce, Miss Phyllis Broughton, Mr. Arthur Williams, Mr. Elton, Miss Clara Jecks, Mr. Squire, and other members of an excellent company.

During the past week the University Dramatic Society have been performing the first part of *King Henry IV.* with great success at the Town Hall, Oxford. The last event of the kind was the acting of *The Merchant of Venice* by the now defunct Philothesians, about eighteen months ago. *Henry IV.*, with the exception of the Falstaffian scenes, is a somewhat uninteresting play; but, nevertheless, the acting was uncommonly good. The Hon. G. D. Coleridge, Trinity, as Falstaff, was admirable; as was also Mr. A. Bourchier, Ch. Ch., as Hotspur. Of the others, Mr. A. M. Mackinnon, Trinity, played the best. The female characters were somewhat weak, though Mrs. H. G. Woods, as Lady Percy, gave a delicate rendering of the part. The scenery, dresses, and stage management were alike excellent; and the only drawback to the performance was the prologue, which might well have been omitted but for the prejudice existing at Oxford in favour of this kind of sauce to the theatrical dish.



1. M. Massenet.—2. DES GRIEUX: "A hand of iron draws me, though resisting, from the way I ought to go. (Slowly he approaches Manon). Young Lady!"—MANON: "Sir!" (Act I.)—3. MANON: "I love thee. DES GRIEUX: "Hold thy peace, and do not speak of love." (Act III.)—4. DES GRIEUX: "Ah, touch her not! With my life I'll defend her." (Act IV.)—5. DES GRIEUX: "Oh, Manon! Thou weepest." (Act IV.)

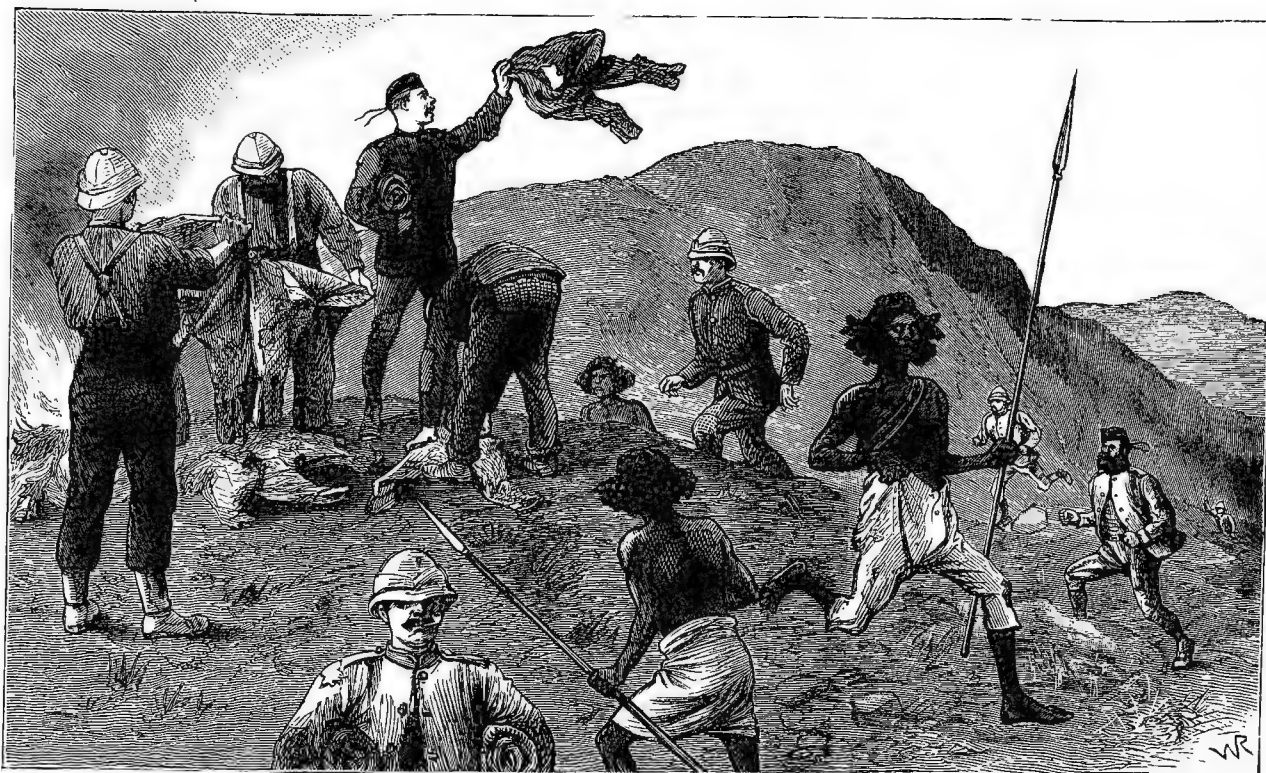
SCENES FROM "MANON," M. MASSENET'S NEW OPERA, AT DRURY LANE THEATRE



"THE GREEN ROOM OF THE TURF"—OFFICERS DRESSING FOR THE PUNCESTOWN RACES
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL

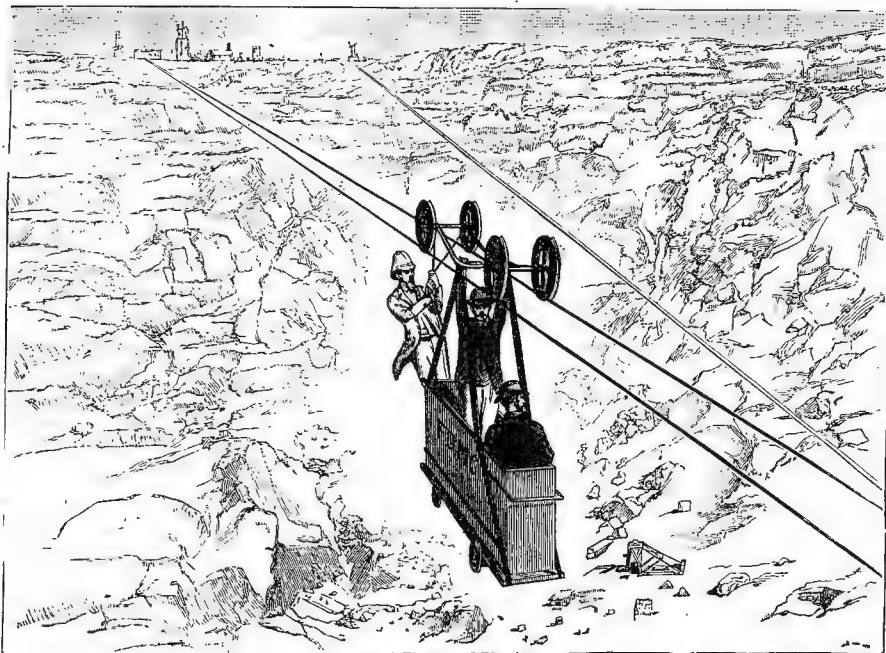


THE DOG "CLYDE," COLLECTOR FOR THE
INVERNESS INFIRMARY

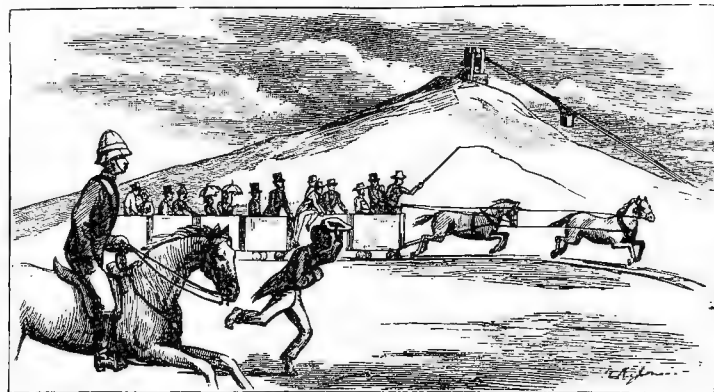


THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN—THE HARDSHIPS OF OUR TROOPS ON THE NILE: RESCUING OLD CLOTHES FROM A BONFIRE
AT MEGAGA WELLS

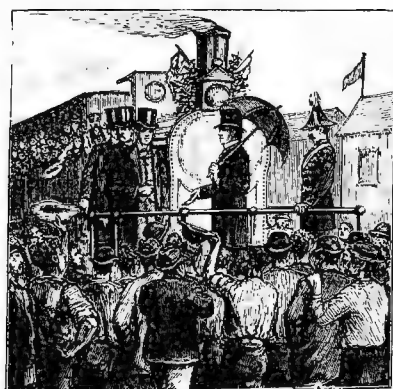
From a Sketch by an Officer of the Grenadier Guards



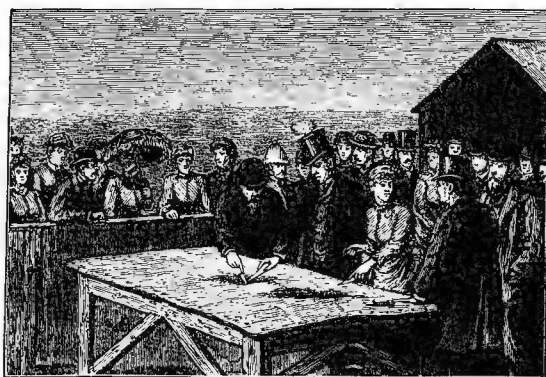
GOING DOWN KIMBERLEY MINE: 1,000 FEET IN 42 SECONDS



ON THE WAY TO THE DEPOSITING FLOORS AND "WASH-UP"



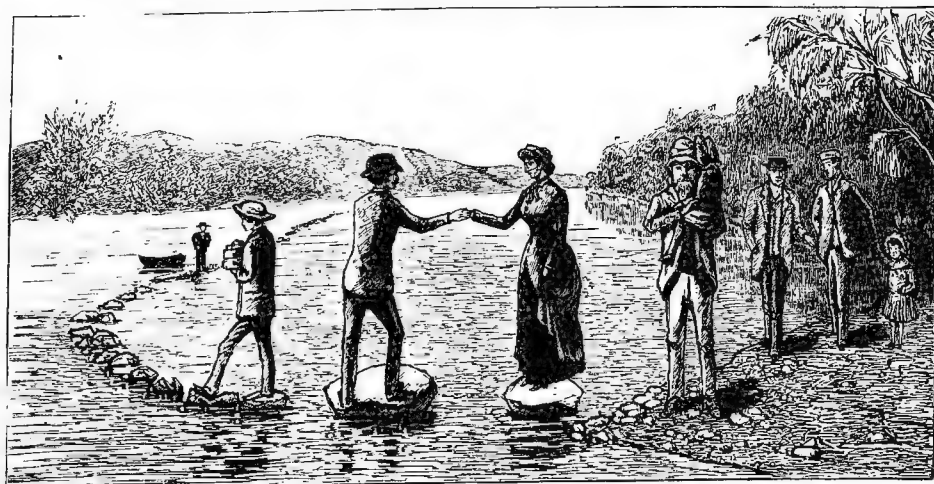
DECLARING THE ORANGE RIVER EXTENSION OPEN FOR TRAFFIC



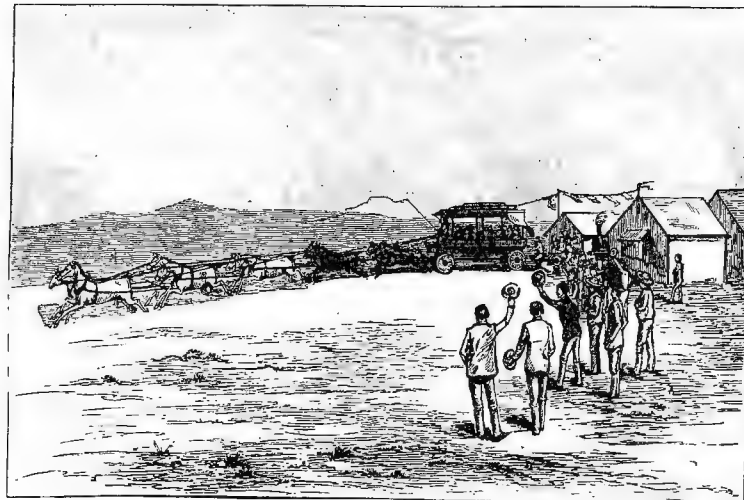
AT THE SORTING-TABLE OF THE CENTRAL DIAMOND MINING COMPANY



THE GOVERNOR LOOKING AT KIMBERLEY MINE FROM THE WORKS OF THE
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CROSSING THE ORANGE RIVER AT LOW WATER



THE GOVERNOR LEAVING ORANGE RIVER FOR KIMBERLEY

VISIT OF SIR HERCULES ROBINSON, GOVERNOR OF CAPE COLONY, TO THE DIAMOND FIELDS AT KIMBERLEY

The Shuttlecock is the title of the new three-act comedy, by the late Mr. Byron and Mr. Ashby Sterry. It will be produced at TOOLE'S Theatre this afternoon; and will presumptively be shortly transferred to the evening programme. For the present *Charles; or, a Fool and His Money*, and the new musical extravaganza *The Great Tay-Kin*, in both which pieces Mr. Toole exhibits in full force his humorous powers, furnish the substantial features of the bill.

Mrs. Langtry is contemplating the production of a new play, by Mr. Wills, and a new adaptation of M. Sardou's *Maison Neuve*, by Mr. Sidney Grundy. At present the great popularity of the revival of *Peril* stops the way. Seats at the PRINCE'S Theatre just now are not easily obtainable.

Judael, a new five-act drama, by Mrs. Julius Pollock, was produced at the OLYMPIC on Thursday afternoon.

TOYNBEE HALL AND THE WORKMEN'S EXHIBITION

THE East London Industrial Exhibition, opened by the Princess Louise and her husband, with the Marchioness of Ripon, Lady Edith Ashley, and half a dozen other peeresses among its stall-keepers, is in some sort a corollary to the Toynbee Hall and Universities' Mission. Both tend to bring East and West closer together; to help the West to understand how the East lives, and what manner of people are its inhabitants; to convince East-Enders that there are "swells" of both sexes who heartily sympathise with them, and who long to do so more intelligently. The exhibition shows what are at present the East-Enders' ideas of art, of ornament, of graceful fancy working to make life beautiful. The University men who live round Toynbee Hall, giving up their common room to conversaziones, throwing open as a reading-room in the evening the library in which they dine, inviting their neighbours to enjoy the sweetness and light of their simply elegant drawing-room, and in general behaving like the enthusiastic civilisers in "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," are working hard to give the Whitechapel natives a higher standard not only of culture, but of thought, than that to which this exhibition bears witness.

There is teaching in every detail of their surroundings, from the mosaic of Mr. Watts's "Time, Death, and Judgment," on the wall of St. Jude's Church, to the drawing-room aforesaid, with its tall white doors like those of a glorified coach-house, its dado, its cane seattees, with their marvellous tapestry coverings, its Chinese wall pictures, and the peacocks in its fireplace; from the panel-paintings in St. Jude's School to the splendid photo-engraving of the Sistine Madonna on the red walls of the dining-library. Here are from fifteen to twenty University men, each with his own room or pair of rooms, furnished according to his own taste—some very simple, all comfortable; staircase and passage laid with thick pile carpet—nothing of the sham ascetic, and yet plenty of the right kind of self-denial. Some of them have their daily business in the City or elsewhere. But here they live, and hereabouts they work, each in his own line, some visiting the sick, some taking classes, some lecturing—all striving to do what Arnold Toynbee did, to meet the Secularist and the Materialist on their own ground, proving that selfishness is not the only spring of action.

Why not more Toynbee Halls and Missions in other centres of sourness and gloom? They are sure to be useful, if only dilettantism can be kept at bay. Why should not the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, who have so much London Church money (think of their fabulously rich prebendal stall of Kentish Town, for instance), buy Staple Inn to begin with, making it a home for such King's College theological students as would prefer a collegiate life, and letting off part of it, including the Hall, to another set of Toynbee men who would find work enough in "Seven Dials" on the one hand, and in the dens off north Holborn on the other? The place would not be so perfectly fit for its purpose as this dainty little set of buildings, a tiny red brick college just off the bustle of Commercial Street; but this plan would save the old Inn from a disgraceful end, and I am sure the men would be forthcoming.

By and by, too, we may see Toynbee Missions for Girton girls and others; some earning their living by day; all glad to get rid of that weariness which so often leads to mischief by doing useful work after hours under proper supervision. This is what we are coming to—a new race of cœnobites, with rules shaped by the wisdom and experience of all these centuries; and then what industrial displays may we not look forward to? The present exhibition, however, is not at all to be despised. You smile at the glowing patchwork quilts; at the "College" like a Chinese temple, built of green and red worsted, by a plasterer, and warranted "to stand as long as an ordinary built house," and valued by the loving artist at eighty guineas! You sneer at the picture frames in quaint mosaic of broken crockery; at the gorgeous fern-case with light blue zinc top and pink glass *bobèches* at the corners; and the geranium pots sunk in a cockle-shell casing; and the gorgeous embroidery pictures by a brewer's drayman; and the general love of crude colour and childish ornament. No wonder that gas-fitters, policemen, dock-labourers should delight in garish tints; their East-End surroundings are mostly so grim and gloomy. The Toynbee men, if they work rightly, and are not content with adding to the already overgrown army of prigs, will help to set better fashion; Mrs. Barnett's "At Homes" for the poor will help also. But, as it stands, how much quiet wholesome enjoyment, how many hours saved from the drink shop and the low music hall, does this exhibition bear witness to! The Exhibition closes on Whit-Monday. The Drill Hall—freely lent, like nearly all the fittings; the ropes, for instance, the flags, the wood for the platform and stalls (all of which was put

together gratis by skilled mechanics of the neighbourhood) cannot be had for longer.

A word for the Manager and Secretary, Mr. A. M'Laglen. It is impossible to overrate his zeal; and he is no novice in Exhibitions of the kind. He began by showing the Sussex navvies how to put their leisure to better account than by spending it in the beer-shop. May it not be his last; for the idea of giving East-Enders a new interest in life by a yearly Exhibition of these kinds of products is one which, if carefully worked out, can't fail to do much good.

H. S. F.



APRIL.—The conditions of weather experienced were of a very varied character. From the commencement of the month bitterly cold easterly winds prevailed, and vegetation was consequently held in check, but the latter part of the month was marked by warmer weather, with a happy and seasonable alternation of bright sunshine and stimulating rains. Vegetation under these circumstances made rapid progress, and the budding plum and cherry trees came out into full blossom. The mean temperature of the month in London was 1.8 degrees above the average, but the metropolis was favoured with exceptional weather, and the average temperature for the United Kingdom was low. The duration of bright sunshine was fairly large; the rainfall, 1.89 inches, was rather but not extraordinarily small. The winds were not high, except on the 5th, 10th, 24th, and 25th, but there were only thirty wrecks off the coasts of the kingdom, which is under the average. The weather in Ireland was decidedly cold for the time of year.

MAY came in with fine weather, but the temperature soon began to fall, and some very bitter frosts were registered. The budding apple trees suffered severely, and from the fruit counties many complaints have been received. On the 6th, 7th, and 8th snow fell heavily in the Western Midlands, and on the last-named day heavy showers of sleet, accompanied by a biting wind, passed over South-East England, including London. On the night of the 9th there was a heavy fall of snow over the whole of Upper Deeside. So dense was the fall, that in less than two hours the uniform depth varied from five to seven inches. On the 10th the snow melted very slowly, and the villagers were engaged in clearing the roads. The sheep and lambs suffered seriously. On the 10th a heavy hailstorm, though of short duration, visited the home counties, but the wind changed to the south-west, and the last few days have been of a milder character. From the 8th to the 12th of May is well known, meteorologically, as a cold period.

THE HOPS, although backward, looked very well up to the 7th, when the sharp night frost told against them rather seriously. The 8th, 9th, and 10th were all very unfavourable nights, so that the young shoots have in many gardens gone yellow and drooped their heads. It is extremely fortunate that the hops were backward instead of forward when the frosts came. The hop flea has already been noticed, but not in any numbers. Warmer weather is now, however, urgently wanted, or the prospects of the coming crop will begin to excite anxiety.

THE OXFORDSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY hold their Annual Meeting at Chipping Norton on the 27th and 28th inst., and a good Show may be expected. The showyard, which is close to the town, is particularly suitable, and in the unhappy event of wet weather, this exhibition would be far less "spoilt" than most agricultural shows. The number of entries of cattle and horses is very large, but we do not agree with the extension which has been made of the jumping, driving, and other exhibitions which appertain rather to sport than agriculture. The entries for sheep and pigs show that those departments will be well filled, while there will be a good show of bees and honey, affording a healthy stimulus to a fine old cottage industry.

THE SUBJECT OF SUGAR as food for stock is dealt with very ably in a recent paper by Sir John Lawes, who remarks that the very low price of sugar at the present time has attracted the attention of agriculturists, rendering it desirable that the feeding properties of sugar should be carefully inquired into. About thirty years ago Sir John Lawes conducted some trials with the object of testing the feeding properties of sugar as compared with starch. The experiments were carried out upon pigs, which were fattened with starch and sugar, mixed with limited quantities of other foods. The results showed that these two substances, starch and sugar, are, weight for weight, almost equal in value for fattening purposes. Turning from experiment to practice, Sir John remarks that it will be found that sugar does not possess quite the high feeding value which is sometimes attributed to it. He thinks we may safely conclude that sugar should not be used in any quantity with cereal grains, or with maize, rice, roots, or even with meadow hay. All these substances are somewhat low in nitrogen, and to dilute the nitrogen that exists still more with sugar will tend to waste it. On the other hand, the leguminous seeds, especially lentils, tares, and beans, and such foods as linseed cake, cotton cake, and clover hay, contain a relatively large amount of nitrogenous substance, which might be safely diluted with sugar.

THE WARBLE FLY is a pest to cattle, and not a pleasant-looking object even in an entomological collection. At the same time Mr.

Stratton gives us pause when he asks us to believe that this insect costs us 7,000,000*l.* per annum. As the Americans would say, "It is a large order." There are so many million cattle, says Mr. Stratton, and their excited running about under stimulus of the fly loses them flesh, and this is a loss of money to the owner. And so we work round to our seven millions. The figures are all right, but surely Mr. Stratton must have observed that some cattle largely escape these insect pests, while others in the same feed suffer terribly. The warble fly probably does not "infest" ten per cent. of our cattle. To nine men out of ten a fleabite is a fleabite, and nothing more. To the tenth man, more tender-skinned, it is a serious irritation. So it is with cattle. Moreover, many farmers already take precautions against the warble fly. Smearing the hair along each side of the spine of grazing cattle in May or June with a mixture of Stockholm tar and paraffin has been found a perfect cure, and a dressing of this character, if repeated once a fortnight, will not lose its power by evaporation or absorption during the entire summer.

THE PRICE OF CORN has been unfavourably—or, as the consumer would say, favourably—affected by the reference to arbitration of the difficulties between England and Russia. The prospect of war caused a large increase in shipments, and the quantity of wheat on passage at the present time is the largest in the history of the corn trade. Wheat advanced to 38*s.* 1*d.* for the Imperial average during the war scare, but a reaction of at least 3*s.* may be anticipated when the returns of May are completed. Foreign wheat has fallen fully half-a-crown, and maize is 1*s.* lower, while in oats, which are largely imported from Russia, the reduction amounts to quite eightpence. Beans and lentils are 1*s.* lower, and grinding barley is once more very cheap. The arrivals of foreign flour have been very large during the past fortnight, and value has seriously declined.



ON MONDAY, at the Central Criminal Court, was commenced the trial for treason-felony of James Cunningham, twenty-two, and Harry Burton, thirty, the alleged dynamiters. The leading counsel for the Crown were the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General. The prisoners were defended by counsel, instructed by a Liverpool solicitor. The Attorney-General opened the case for the Crown in a temperate speech. The evidence adduced for the prosecution was mainly that of witnesses examined at the preliminary stage before the magistrate, and has been summarised from time to time in this column.

A DISPUTE HAVING ARISEN as to the ownership of the South Kensington Station of the Underground Railway, whether it is a joint station of the Metropolitan and the Metropolitan District Railway, or whether half of it is not the exclusive property of the Metropolitan District, the Metropolitan Company have, mainly on this ground, instructed their inspectors and ticket-collectors on the City line, from Aldgate to the Mansion House, not to recognise the tickets issued of the District Company to or from South Kensington, including admission to the Exhibition, unless at fares agreed on by the two companies; and not as at present fixed by the District Company alone. This week Mr. Justice Pearson granted an injunction, partly on the score of public convenience, against this proceeding of the Metropolitan Company until a pending action on the subject between the two companies is tried. He was provisionally of opinion that the South Kensington Station was a separate station as to different parts of it, so far that each company has a right to discharge passengers on their own account without the consent of the other.

A BUILDER AT KENNINGTON has been fined by the Southwark police magistrate 12*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* with costs, the alternative in each case being a month's imprisonment, for not obeying an order of the Vestry of Bermondsey, made in March, to put into proper repair two houses belonging to him, which the local sanitary inspector reported to be unfit for human habitation. This is the sort of action which Vestries generally ought to take, as both an easy and an important step towards the solution of the problem of the housing of the poor.

ON AN APPLICATION being made on behalf of the London School Board to the Westminster Police magistrate for an order of committal, without the preliminary issue of a distress warrant, against a labourer in the receipt of 2*s.* a week, who so far neglected the education of his children that two of them, aged twelve and ten, were only in the second standard, while the youngest, aged seven, was in no standard at all, the magistrate imposed a penalty of 3*s.* and costs, but refused to sanction immediate commitment. On the part of the School Board the application was represented as merciful, it being stated that the Board's visitor had made an inventory of the defendant's effects, and that the result of a distress would be ruinous. Nothing was said, however, as to what might be the result to the labourer's children if their father was committed to prison. In the course of the proceedings the magistrate remarked that a good deal of the former unpopularity of School Board officers had died out, but that the old bitterness would be intensified if they were to act as inquisitors, and pry into persons' rooms to see if their little stock of furniture would satisfy a fine and costs.

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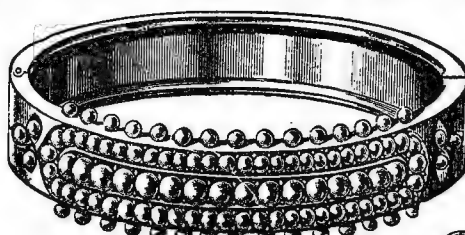
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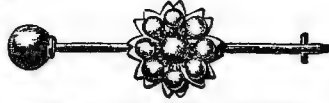
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"SAPPHO"

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CURLY: AN ACTOR'S STORY

RELATED BY JOHN COLEMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY J. C. FOLLMAN

In Six Weekly Parts — Part IV.

CHAPTER IX.

AULD REEKIE

O BE principal tragedian in the metropolis of his native land was a great honour for Jamieson, and the little dingy theatre which stood at the foot of the North Bridge, on the site now occupied by the General Post Office, appeared to his unsophisticated mind a palatial temple of the drama. When he reported himself to the manager that gentleman was dignified and even autocratic in demeanour. All he vouchsafed to say at the first interview was:

"Kindly report yourself to the stage manager, sir, and he will introduce you to the green-room." The young man looked a little blank at this cool reception, but wisely remembering the adage, "When at Rome do as the Romans do," he bowed himself out, and sought the stage-manager. He found that

worthily entrenched at his table on the stage, surrounded by the prompter, the call boy, the scene painter, the carpenter, the property man, &c. The moment was not propitious for an introduction, so Willie bided his time, waiting in the prompt entrance. The quick eye of the pompous official spotted him out, however, in a moment, and without ceremony he desired one of his satellites to inquire "What the stranger wanted?" "The stranger" did not want self-respect, and he introduced himself. Mr. B. had been an officer in the army, and was a martinet. He rose, however, bowed stiffly, and extending two fingers, snorted, "Glad to form your acquaintance, sir. This way, if you please." So saying he led the way.

As they approached, they heard the sound of pleasant voices and ripples of laughter, but when poor Willie and his escort entered the green-room (so called because there was nothing green in it, except occasionally some verdant youngster) it might have been a Quaker's meeting-house. There were about twenty gentlemen, and ten or twelve ladies of all ages and complexions, all more or less stylish persons. Mr. B. merely said, "Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to introduce a gentleman who has come to join us—Mr. Jamieson, from the Theatre Royal, Dundee." Every one bowed coldly, none more coldly than the new-comer. The Captain retired, and left Jamieson to make his way as best he could. Evidently the Green Room was not disposed to offer him a cordial welcome. Theatres are very Conservative institutions, and the *corps dramatique* regarded the stranger as an interloper, and a possible trespasser on "vested interests."

There was a dead silence. At last one insolent young puppy, an incipient light comedian who had been taking stock of Jamieson through his eye-glass, superciliously remarked, "Dundee! Ha! h'm! There is such a place somewhere. I believe it is devoted entirely to the manufacture of marmalade."

"Not entirely," replied Willie. "They manufacture men there occasionally."

"Men, sir?" echoed Young Hopeful.

"Yes, and very good men too," continued Willie, with imperturbable gravity; "but they don't venture to compete with the metropolis of the country in the manufacture of puppies!" And, turning on his heel, he left the room. The roar of laughter which followed his exit told him that his first shot had struck home.

After that the fast young men "let him severely alone," and the other members of the company, finding he was as modest and unassuming as he could be pugnacious when the occasion warranted, began to thaw, became communicative, and finally received him with cordiality.

Every day, and every night, he visited the green-room for a week or ten days, but no sign of his name appeared in any of the casts. At last, up went *The Miller and his Men*, and he found himself down for Grindoff. Then Master Willie did a very rude thing. "Before all Israel!" he smashed the pane of glass in the cast case, took out the cast of *The Miller and his Men*, tore it in pieces, put it in the fire, and stirred it up with the poker.

Imagine if you can the consternation of the Court of St. Petersburg upon beholding Ivan Ivanovitch, Ensign in the Imperial Guard, walking into the awful presence of the Autocrat of all the Russias, and tearing up, under his very nose, the last Imperial Ukase. Then you may form some faint idea of the consternation of the Edinburgh Green Room at this act of unparalleled audacity. At this moment the stage manager entered to put up the call for the rehearsal of *The Miller and his Men* on the following day. The gallant Captain was as much astonished as the rest when Jamieson said, very quietly, "You can spare yourself the trouble of putting up that call, Captain; I shall not be here. Make my compliments to Mr. M——, and say I don't play Grindoffs, or melodramatic ruffians of that description. It was distinctly understood that I was to open in Hamlet, and I open in that part and no other. If I don't hear from you before eleven o'clock to-morrow morning, I'm off to London by the mail. Good evening, sir; good evening, ladies and gentlemen." The moment he left the room the place was all alive with eagerness and expectation.

Old M—— ruled his people with a rod of iron. The means of communication with England were so few, and the journeys so expensive, that the majority of the company had to grin and bear the managerial caprice, however unjust it might be. No one as yet had the pluck to "bell the cat," hence everybody regarded Willie as the champion of the company.

The stage-manager pulled his white moustache.

"H'm! Mutiny!" he growled; "but I like the lad's spirit, and begad, the old beggar shall have it hot!" So saying, he made his way to the managerial sanctum, where he gave Willie's message to the autocrat, with various verbal embellishments.

Old M—— merely scratched his ear with his pen, and said, "Dear me! dear me! a remarkable young man! Do you think he means it?"

"I don't think anything about it, sir, I'm quite sure of it."

"Dear me, dear me. What time does the mail go to-morrow?"

"Twelve o'clock."

"Well, well; come to me in the morning at eleven. Meanwhile, I'll sleep on it."

Next day, at half-past eleven, Jamieson was at the coach-office with his baggage. He waited until ten minutes to twelve, then he booked for London and paid his fare.

Twelve o'clock came. He took his seat on the box beside the driver, the guard blew his horn, the driver flourished his whip, and was about to start, when lo! down Leith Walk came the Captain, puffing and blowing like a grampus. Waving his hat and his handkerchief, he called out, "Stop! stop!"

The driver pulled up, exclaiming "What's the row now?"

"Nothing," gasped the Captain; "but you, sir? Mr. Jamieson, come down, I want you!"

"Too late, Captain," replied Willie. "Drive on, Coachy."

"But I tell you it's all right!" roared the Captain.

"Hamlet or nothing!" said Jamieson.

"Oh! Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth—the whole lot of them; only, come down."

"On your honour, sir?"

"On my honour as a gentleman!"

"All right!" and Willie sprang down like "a two-year-old." Seizing his carpet-bag, he spun over a half-a-crown (almost the last he had left) to the guard, and returned triumphantly to the theatre, where the boys struck up "See the Conquering Hero Comes," to the intense annoyance of old M——, who couldn't avoid hearing this spontaneous outburst of musical mutiny.

The following Monday Jamieson opened in *Hamlet*, and was received with very great enthusiasm by a crowded house. A call before the curtain was then not so cheap an honour as it is nowadays, and when at the end of the play he was called forward he was more than delighted. Just as he was about to make his exit a lady seated in the private box to his right threw him a laurel wreath, and disappeared as if by magic. Although he had barely time to catch a glimpse of her pale face and flashing eyes, he recognised the mysterious lady of the pony chaise at Aberdeen. As soon as he left the stage his quick eye detected a card which was attached by a piece of ribbon. On one side, these words were written in a bold, but feminine hand:—"You told me once should I ever need a friend, I might rely on you. I need one now."

On the other side was engraved,

"MISS FLORA M'ALLISTER,
Athol House."

Below was written,

"At home to-morrow from twelve to five."

CHAPTER X.

ATHOL HOUSE

THE morrow's post brought Jamieson a letter from Curly, describing his impressions of London—of the theatre, the company, &c. The general tone was elate and confident, and he wound up by stating that his *début* was fixed for the following Monday, and that he was to open as Doricourt.

At noon Jamieson presented himself at Athol House—one of those wonderful old places twelve or fourteen stories high, the like of which is to be seen nowhere but in "Auld Reekie." Its historical memories went back I don't know how long; but the very room into which he was now shown had once been inhabited by the Regent Murray, afterwards by Claverhouse, and the "great Marquis himself."

It was now in semi-darkness—the blinds were all down. The atmosphere was so gloomy and depressing that he couldn't bear it, so he pulled up the curtains and let in the blessed sunshine. Looking through the window, he contemplated the wonderful picture before him. The valley smiling at his feet, where now the railway runs; to his left the Castle and the Castle Gardens; to his right Holyrood and Arthur's Seat. Nearer stood the Calton Hill; a little to the left of that lay Leith, with the blue Firth beyond; right in front of him Prince's Street and New Town.

The Abbotsford Monument, which had only recently sprang into existence, stood forth conspicuous, as it glittered in the sunlight. It was a glorious panorama. There is no city in the world more beautiful than Bonnie Edinburgh; but he had had ample time to explore and admire its beauties during the last fortnight, so presently he turned away to look at the room. Rare books lay on the table, a few choice pictures were on the walls, objects of art were scattered about in every direction. To his left, catching the light from the opposite window, stood a painter's easel, supporting a picture covered by an Indian shawl. On two or three stools were palettes, colours, brushes, and other implements of the studio. His

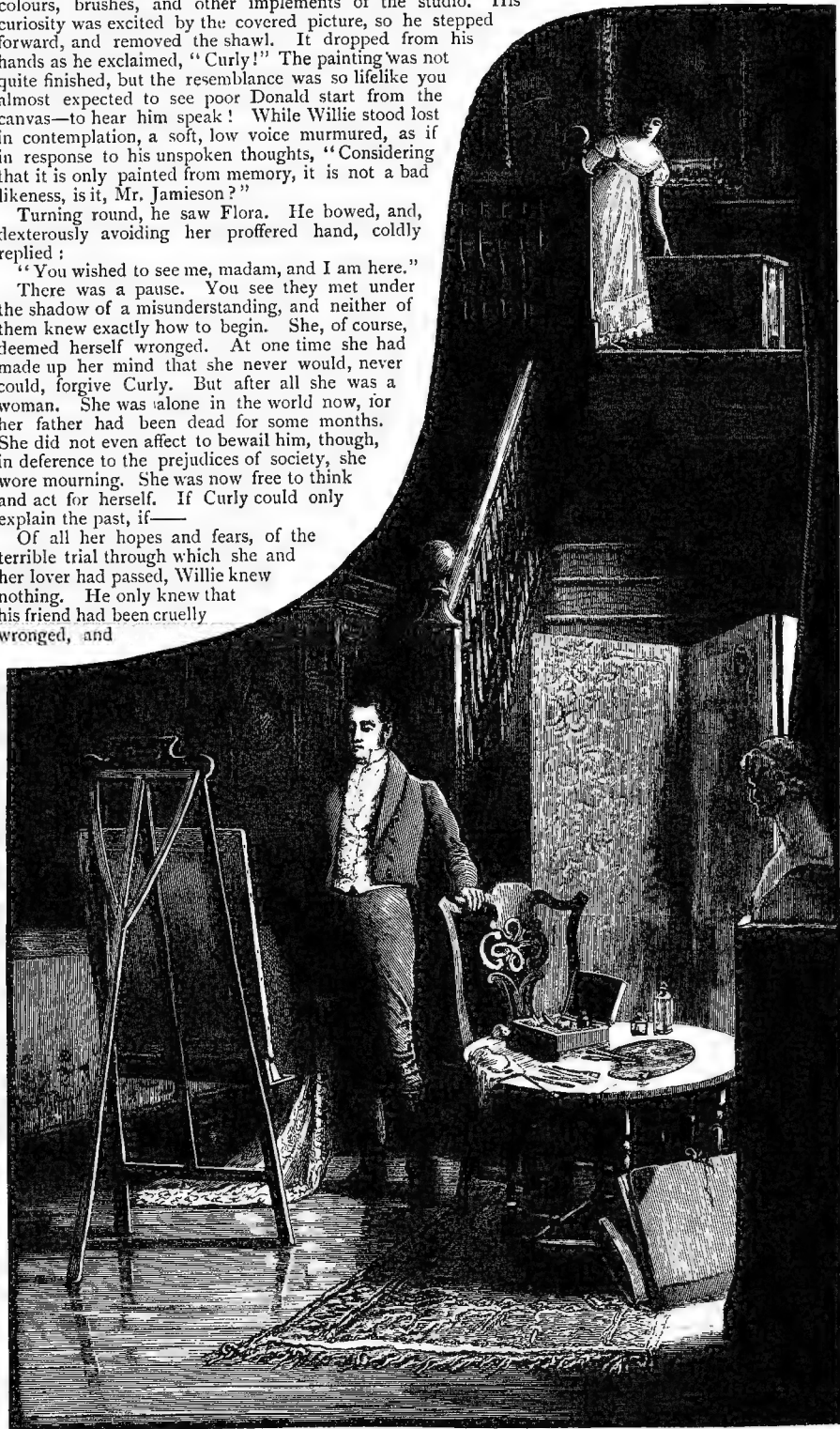
curiosity was excited by the covered picture, so he stepped forward, and removed the shawl. It dropped from his hands as he exclaimed, "Curly!" The painting was not quite finished, but the resemblance was so lifelike you almost expected to see poor Donald start from the canvas—to hear him speak! While Willie stood lost in contemplation, a soft, low voice murmured, as if in response to his unspoken thoughts, "Considering that it is only painted from memory, it is not a bad likeness, is it, Mr. Jamieson?"

Turning round, he saw Flora. He bowed, and, dexterously avoiding her proffered hand, coldly replied:

"You wished to see me, madam, and I am here."

There was a pause. You see they met under the shadow of a misunderstanding, and neither of them knew exactly how to begin. She, of course, deemed herself wronged. At one time she had made up her mind that she never would, never could, forgive Curly. But after all she was a woman. She was alone in the world now, for her father had been dead for some months. She did not even affect to bewail him, though, in deference to the prejudices of society, she wore mourning. She was now free to think and act for herself. If Curly could only explain the past, if—

Of all her hopes and fears, of the terrible trial through which she and her lover had passed, Willie knew nothing. He only knew that his friend had been cruelly wronged, and



then, as he imagined, treacherously abandoned by the woman he loved. On the other hand, it must be remembered that it was she who had most reason to think herself deserted and betrayed. Besides, she was in total ignorance of what had occurred to Curly, or indeed what had become of him since their parting. She had seen Willie's name announced at the theatre, and she felt convinced that if any man knew Curly's whereabouts Willie Jamieson was that man. She remembered, too, the promise of the latter on the night of the elopement. Hence it occurred to her as an inspiration to invite him to

come and see her. He had accepted her invitation, certainly, but he might apparently as well have been in Aberdeen, so cold and distant did he seem.

"Mr. Jamieson," she said, "you once told me that should I need a friend, I might rely on you."

"I did, but many things have happened since that night. You were then about to become the wife of the man whom you have since so cruelly abandoned."

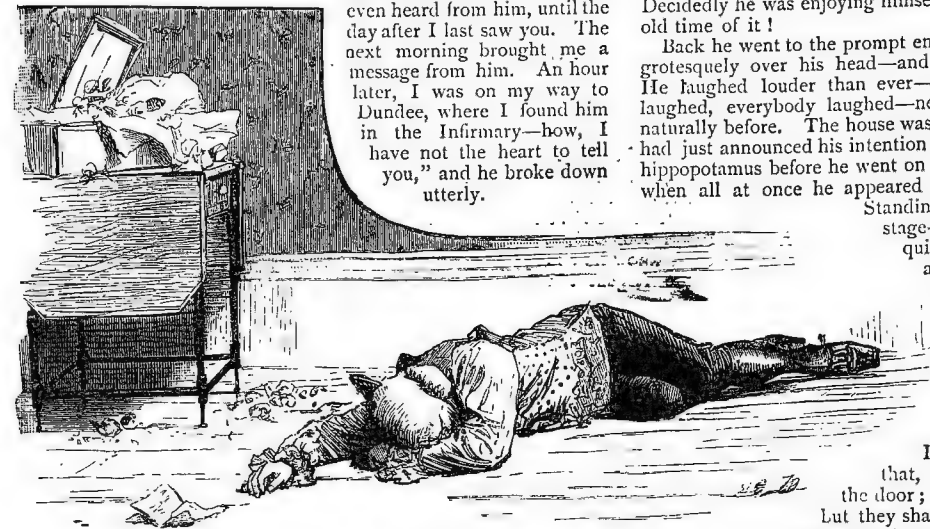
"Stop, sir," she said, "one moment," and she went rapidly to an escritoire at the other side of the room, and taking out the fatal paper with Curly's signature, she continued, "before you speak further, perhaps you had better read this."

Jamieson read it. Then he exclaimed—

"My God! What does it all mean?"

"That is the question I ask myself—by day, on my bended knees, by night, on my sleepless pillow—but answer never comes. I thought possibly you might have been able to explain."

"I know less, Miss M'Allister, than you know yourself. After you left Aberdeen together, I never even heard from him, until the day after I last saw you. The next morning brought me a message from him. An hour later, I was on my way to Dundee, where I found him in the Infirmary—how, I have not the heart to tell you," and he broke down utterly.



It was astonishing how calm she remained till he had recovered himself, then he resumed, and told her everything which the reader knows already. It was her turn then. She wept one moment, and chafed the next, with clenched hands, and set teeth, she strode to and fro, as she exclaimed—

"The villain! the cowardly, dastardly villain. Oh! that I were a man for your sake, Daniel Deempster!"

"Don't you waste your breath on that gentleman—leave him to me!" said Jamieson. "Now if you please, Miss M'Allister, we are friends henceforth, so give me your hand." She extended it frankly, and he kissed it reverently.

"Since the time I told you of," he continued, "your name has never passed between us, but I know the poor fellow loves you still, dearer than life."

"If he loved me, could he—could he have done this shameful thing? And to call God to witness it too! Oh! the coward! the coward!"

"We must take human nature as we find it. God help him, if he is a coward, and God help me, for I can love him none the less. Do you love him less than I do?"

"I did love him once, more than all the world, but oh! Mr. Jamieson," she exclaimed, "the M'Allisters have held their own in flood and field since Scotland was a nation. And a coward! Oh! I can't bear it." And she cast herself on the couch, and wept bitterly. Then she got up and pointed to the picture.

"Look there," she said, "does that look like a coward?"

"No," Willie replied, "and I don't believe he is a coward, but there are moments when the bravest man loses heart. Tell me one thing: Were they not armed?"

"Yes; they both had loaded pistols."

"And of course he was unarmed, defenceless! Can't you see; they would have slain him there and then, had he not signed that miserable paper. Besides, they worked upon his fears for you, and in a moment of weakness he yielded to their infamous threats."

"He ought not to have yielded—death, anything but dishonour. I would have avenged him first, and bewailed him after."

It was Willie's turn to wait now. When she had softened down a little he showed her a letter he had received that morning. At the very sight of the well-known hand her heart leaped with joy; he was alive—he still loved her—all was forgotten, forgiven.

Jamieson asked her permission to write to Curly to explain that he had seen her, but she begged him to leave her to take her own course, which she did, with results to be hereafter stated.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FATAL ANNIVERSARY

MEANWHILE Curly was busy with his rehearsals in town. At length came the night of his debut. All through the early portion of the play he impressed the audience most favourably, and each succeeding act confirmed the impression. The minuet in the Masquerade Scene was danced by him with such supple elegance that he completed his conquest of the capricious public. The ladies were in raptures with the new comedian, and even the men were unwillingly moved to admiration. The debutant's success was assured—a brilliant future lay before him.

When he returned to his room to make his change for the last act, a large parcel lay upon his dressing-table. He motioned the dresser to unpack it. When he had finished changing he looked at the contents of the parcel. There was a quantity of fresh flowers, and a letter directed in the hand he knew so well. His heart stood still for a moment; then he took courage. There would be a few kind words, perhaps; something to give him heart of grace. He tore open the envelope, and stood for a moment like a man transformed to stone.

Traced in characters of fire he saw the fatal words,

"These presents are to attest that Flora M'Allister is not my wife; and I call God to witness that neither now nor hereafter will I seek to become her husband."

"DONALD CAMPBELL.

"Dudhope Ferry, May 12, 18—."

Good God! It was May 12th that very day. Yes, twelve months to a day, almost to an hour; and now this accursed thing had come to remind him of his humiliation, his degradation, and of the ruffianly outrage of which he had been the victim! Grief, shame, rage, despair filled his heart and fired his brain, and with a wild cry the unfortunate man fell senseless to the ground.

At that moment the manager, who had come round to congratulate him, entered his dressing-room. Mr. C— took stock of the situation at once. "Quick! to my room; bring a bottle of whisky—sharp's the word!" said he to the dresser.

Sharp was the word, and in a minute the dresser was back with the whisky. The manager in the interim had unloosed Curly's cravat and bathed his forehead with eau de cologne. Then he administered a glass or two of neat whisky; the effect was as instantaneous as remarkable. Curly pulled himself together, said something about being overcome with heat and excitement, picked up the letter, put it into his pocket, accepted the manager's congratulations, arranged a boutonniere from the flowers for his last scene, slipped on his dressing-gown, thought he would have another glass of whisky, and rushed on the stage.

It will be remembered that this is the situation in which Doricourt pretends to go mad. By this time Curly had got the audience in the ball of his hand, and could do just what he liked with them. Round followed round of applause, roar followed roar of laughter, and Curly laughed too—indeed, he laughed louder than any one. Evidently he was enjoying the performance quite as much as the spectators.

When the scene was over he returned to his dressing-room, slipped on his coat, "slipped into" the whisky, and finished the bottle! Decidedly he was enjoying himself. Yes! he was having a fine high old time of it!

Back he went to the prompt entrance—he had tied a handkerchief grotesquely over his head—and on he came for his last mad scene. He laughed louder than ever—the audience laughed, the actors laughed, everybody laughed—never had a mad scene been acted so naturally before. The house was in convulsions—so was Curly. He had just announced his intention of "lunching on a steak of broiled hippopotamus before he went on a voyage of discovery to the moon," when all at once he appeared to change his mind on the subject.

Standing quite still, he glared into the stage-box to his right. It was empty—quite empty. There was no mistake about that. But Doricourt seemed to be under the impression that some one was there, for he began to apostrophise an imaginary object.

"It wasn't my fault, darling," he exclaimed. "You know I would have died for your sake; but I had no weapon. If I had! If I had! Don't look at me like that, dear! See see! the coach is at the door; they're coming to take you away, but they shan't. Take your hands from her, curse you!—take your hands from her! Nay, but with a wild piercing scream that rang through every corridor and every avenue in the building the poor wretch leaped into the empty box, a raving madman!"

What signifies the play or the audience now? When Tragedy casts her sad and solemn shadow over the scene—when the poisoned bowl overflows and the keen dagger is uplifted to strike the fatal blow—Tomfool lays aside his cap and bells, and the graceless hussies, Farce and Comedy, retire, and hide their diminished heads. So drop the curtain, Mr. Stage Manager, put out the lights, and send for the doctor!

(To be continued)



"LIL LORIMER" (3 vols.: Ward and Downey) is altogether a stronger and more satisfactory novel than Theo Gift is in the habit of writing. The life of the three delightfully bright and lively English girls, Lil, Liz, and Loo, in Uruguay combines romance and reality in excellent proportions, and leads, in a perfectly natural manner, to interesting complications. Moreover, the interest increases throughout, so that when the fresher and more picturesque surroundings of South America have to be exchanged for those of England, what is lost in one direction is gained in another. It certainly is less that requires some such compensation, because the descriptions of Urugayan town and country life, including a carnival and a sheep-shearing, as well as more everyday pictures of society, are altogether unbackneyed, and have all the appearance of being reproduced from original experiences. Lil, the central figure, is a heroine worth the pains Theo Gift has taken to study her, in the character of a fine nature dependent upon circumstance for development or spoiling. The circumstance that shapes her development for good is of the sharpest: and it seems hard that others should be the victims of a tragedy in order that Lil may be made to profit thereby. However, it cannot be said that in this respect the authoress has been false to the complex realities of life, and she accepts the situation simply, without the least touch of pessimism, or any of the ordinary attempts to account for the unaccountable. There are some pathetic episodes: and once or twice, as in the scene where Alice and Captain Carnegie endeavour to execute poetical justice upon one another, there is even an approach to real dramatic power. Such faults as the novel has are almost too immaterial to mention—such as the affectation of using Spanish words and phrases where English only is required.

One of the tragedies contained in "Willbourne Hall," by Mrs. Caumont (2 vols.: T. Fisher Unwin), is caused by a habit of reading novels with Minerva Press titles, and, presumably, with incidents to match. Their unhappy victim not only runs into debt, but sets her bed-curtains on fire, and perishes in the consequent conflagration. Taking such a view of the sensational and romantic fiction of our grandmothers' girlhood, it would be thought that Mrs. Caumont would be the last to imitate what she condemns. Nevertheless she revives for our benefit the smuggler of the past, pursuing his calling by help of subterranean passages leading from caverns into country houses: the mysterious crone, half witch, half wrecker, who lives alone in a cave and possesses family secrets that give her a mysterious influence: the children changed at nurse to further the machinations of a melodramatic villain in league with the smugglers: the traditional miser: and a host of other characters which would have delighted the heart of Miss Georgina, the lady who was burned because of them. The story is written, moreover, in an appropriate style, alternating between the bald and highflown, with occasional strays into comedy of a rather heavy kind. The period seems to belong essentially to "once upon a time," though some of the personages at least are supposed to be still living. Readers of exceptionally robust tastes will find plenty of thorough-going incident, laid on with unsparing colour, winding up with a good free fight between smugglers and preventive men in the cave, while the miser's house is in flames, followed by the pairing off among the virtuous survivors in the good old-fashioned way. To readers of more ordinary tastes, the novel is decidedly less adapted. The chief merit consists in rendering an unusually complicated story perfectly plain and easy to follow.

"A Simple Life," by Lady Hope (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), does not turn out to be so very simple, after all. It is not every heroine, even in complicated romances, who, supposed and supposing herself to be a working farmer's daughter, turns out to be the child of a nobly-born father, influences lives by her natural gift of song, is connected, as confidant or otherwise, with many romantic love stories, and finally marries the heir of an earldom.

Nor is the style more simple than the story. The authoress has an irritating habit—whether intentionally or not we are unable to decide—of making her characters talk in blank verse when under the influence of the slightest emotion, and of running into the same herself whenever she wants to be more pathetic than usual. When she wants to be didactic, which is a great deal too often, she uses another device, equally irritating, for the sake of effect, and chops her lectures up into short, spasmodic paragraphs, as often as not without a verb. But most irritating of all is the persistence with which she dwells upon the innocence, beauty, and blue eyes of Gentian, her heroine. One gets before long to hate that otherwise unoffending young person—unoffending and simple even to imbecility. She is so perpetually and sweetly blue-eyed: Glaucopsis Athena was nowhere beside her. Otherwise the book is as harmless as Gentian herself, and has a religious colouring of the most wholesome and unobjectionable kind. It is not interesting as a story, and certainly not amusing: but, despite all its faults, it has a tone of sincerity and an earnestness of purpose that ought not to pass without a word of regret that they express themselves with such little skill.

"Doing and Undoing," a story, by Mary Chichele (1 vol.: Kegan Paul and Co.), tells how a girl who, in pure thoughtlessness, has wrecked a man's life, endeavours to undo the wrong, firstly by devoting herself to good works, and afterwards, as soon as she has the opportunity, by sacrificing herself to her victim. This is all told fairly well, and with a moral and religious colour of the most laudable kind. The weak point of the story is that Ogilvie, the man whom Bride first ruins and then finally saves, is not made to seem worth the trouble. It was not, after all, Bride's fault that he made moral and physical shipwreck of himself because she preferred another lover—such a man as Ogilvie must have gone to the dogs under even the happiest conditions, and his treatment of her after she, to save him, became his wife, only shows that she did right, instead of wrong, to throw him over at first. In short, there is no real fault done, and therefore, despite the title, none to undo. However, the reader who can be induced to look at the matter with Bride's own eyes will find the interest which, from any other point of view, is certainly somewhat lacking.

"Hugh More," by Evelyn Stone (2 vols.: Blackwood and Sons), calls for little mention, either by way of recommendation or otherwise. The story is absolutely without interest, but serves to introduce passable sketches of life in Corfu, lawn tennis, electioneering, dancing, and flirtation in general. The characters are essentially commonplace, and therefore the better qualified to take part in the exceedingly commonplace proceedings described.

HANDWRITING

BY AN EXPERT

JUST as in human physiology it is a well-accredited fact that no two faces are alike in every feature, so in the art and practice of handwriting it may be affirmed that no two penmen will be found precisely to resemble each other in all characteristics, however nearly they may seem to do so. A general resemblance between any two or more writers may perhaps be sometimes observed to exist, but an exact, legitimate counterpart, never. There does, of course, frequently exist in the handwriting, as in the general physiological features of persons related to each other, a certain elementary family likeness which is not in the least to be wondered at. But many instances are to be met with where it would be impossible to show, by any examination of the handwriting of two or more persons belonging to one and the same family, that there existed between them even in the remotest degree any such relationship whatever.

The variety, therefore, in the style and quality of the handwriting of the people, as suggested by the assumption that no two individuals will be found to write exactly alike, must necessarily be very great.

This is especially so with the handwriting of males. That of females exhibits in its main outlines more of an unbroken uniformity of style than the handwriting of males (on account probably of that angularity and sharpness which are the prominent characteristics of ordinary female writing), and for this reason its scope and opportunity for variety are limited. But even in the writing of women it is unusual to find one hand so closely to resemble another as to baffle altogether its special identity.

It is thought by some persons that the handwriting not unfrequently indicates either the physical or moral character, if indeed it does not suggest both. How far it is possible to arrive, by such a test as that of handwriting, at a correct estimate of a person's moral or physical worthiness, so to speak, it were difficult indeed to say. At any rate, there will necessarily be a great variety of opinion on the subject. It might not, perhaps, be difficult to surmise, by certain indications observed in the writing, as to the physical character of the writer. For instance, although it is not safe always to assume it, a feeble, scrawling hand might naturally be supposed to be written by a person physically feeble; or a strong, bold hand to be that of a person naturally robust and courageous. One or two notable examples may be given to prove this assumption to be both right and wrong. The well-known signature, for example, of the present Premier,

would, by such a test, indicate the writer to be a person of no great physical vigour or capacity, whereas the bodily, not to mention the intellectual, endowment of Mr. Gladstone is an extraordinary fact known to everybody. Nor again would the hieroglyphical signature of Mr. Irving, the actor,

afford, for the same reason, any apparent evidence of the great physical power of which he is the possessor. Both of these signatures might be supposed to be in the writing of persons who, so far as anything indicated to the contrary, might be very indifferently constituted, either in a moral or a muscular sense. On close and careful scrutiny, however, and applying certain tests well-known to the specialist, the two signatures referred to are, as a matter of fact, remarkable for a peculiar nervous deftness, so to speak, such as will not surprise any one acquainted with the physical constitution of these two famous men.

Considered, moreover, in the specific character of "literary" styles of penmanship, the writing of Mr. Gladstone distinctly indicates, to those able to read between the lines, a moral as well as a physical disposition of unusual acuteness and activity; while that of the distinguished historian referred to, which, to tell the truth, appears to be formed more by a flash than by a stroke of the pen, at once suggests that characteristic of extraordinary dramatic dexterity which is such a well-pronounced feature of his professional career.

Occasionally, one meets with a signature where the style, more than the artistic quality, gives direct and palpable evidence of the character and disposition of the writer. And by way of illustration of this it may be interesting to make mention of the very remarkable handwriting of one of the greatest men Scotland ever produced, to wit, Robert Burns. As a means of apprehending character by the

simple test of the handwriting, the signature of the famous poet affords at once an excellent and noteworthy example.

Robert Burns

Certainly a nobler signature was never penned. For whether we have regard to its simplicity of formation, or to its unfettered freedom and boldness of sweep, it bears on the face of it the most direct evidence of that straightforwardness and manly courage which were every-day traits in the character of the great bard.

Considered apart from the question as to the value of the handwriting as a test in affording the means of correctly reading individual character, there can be no doubt that, from the many prevalent styles of handwriting, it is possible to arrange or assort the writing of people into something of a distinctive classification. Broadly speaking it may be classified into two kinds: the educated and the uneducated styles of handwriting.

It thus becomes as simple a matter to distinguish an illiterate style of penmanship from one that is not so, as it is to observe the difference between an intelligent expression of face and a countenance that indicates no sign of intelligence. A person, therefore, of ordinary capacity should be able without much hesitation to distinguish the one from the other, although it is as possible to come across a highly-educated hand of writing belonging to a person who had received, in the commonly-understood sense, no education at all, as it is to meet with such a style of penmanship belonging to a person of the very highest culture as might lead one to suppose he was more familiar with the use of the pick and shovel than of the pen.

Of the educated style, as of the uneducated, one meets with numberless kinds of handwriting, ranging from the cramped, scrawling, careless "literary" hand which is such a bugbear to the compositor, to the free, round, commercial hand in vogue in the Civil Service and other public departments, where it is necessary to write in characters so plain "that he who runs may read." It is between those two extremes of the quality of what is termed "educated" writing that are included those multifarious examples of good, bad, and indifferent writing of the masses of the people whereof almost every class is represented more or less numerously. A brief classification of some of these may not be uninteresting.

Professional men, such as bankers, lawyers, merchants, are as a rule indifferent writers, and many of them depend on clerks and deputies to do their correspondence. This custom of having amanuenses to do their writing induces this class to a habit of slovenliness in the use of the pen which is seldom recovered from. Nothing is easier for an expert than to indicate, by the writing of even so little as a signature, the profession of this class of writers. An official look, somehow, about the style, giving it a dashed-off-a-dozen-at-a-time appearance, so to speak, often affords an immediate clue.

Clergymen are, as a rule, bad penmen. Theirs is unquestionably to be classed under the "literary" division of penmen; generally irregular, loose, and cramped. Many clergymen are, however, excellent penmen.

Army men, also, cannot boast of proficiency in this regard. As a rule their handwriting is sharp and pointed and dexterously formed, though by no means artistically. With them, however, the sword is mightier than the pen. But of the various styles of "professional" writing in vogue, that of literary persons is perhaps the most peculiar and interesting. It is a fact that the specialist in handwriting will more readily distinguished the striking idiosyncrasy of what is commonly termed the "literary" hand than that of almost any other kind of educated penmanship. Usually it is of a slipshod character, generally indicating hurry, although the careful and neat handwriting of not a few well-known authors may seem to belie this statement. *Apropos* of the handwriting of authors, perhaps the most remarkable handwriting that does not come strictly under the "literary" classification, but yet exhibits an extraordinary amount of character, is that of George Eliot. The handwriting of this wonderful woman is, with respect to certain of its prevailing features, by far the most notable ever seen, betokening very great strength and compactness of ideality, combined with uncommon originality and masculine power.

As may be supposed, the handwriting of diplomatists offers to the expert no slight material for interesting study. Generally speaking their writing is indistinct, uneven, and compressed, and has to be read more than once before the meaning of the matter is clear, and to be perfectly understood. Of the handwriting of a famous diplomatist it was once said that it seemed "like a snake, always so gliding, gliding away!"

A. C.

"RUSSIA UNDER THE CZARS"*

FIGHTING Russia when honour calls and when something besides British interests has to be defended is one thing; criticising her home government is another. We should not relish just now a Russian pamphlet on the wrongs of Red Indians and Half-Breeds, or a Russian translation of O'Donovan Rossa's, or even Michael Davitt's, view of the working of the Crimes Act. "Russia Under the Czars" (Ward and Downey), however, has a justification which would be wholly wanting in such merely offensive literature, viz., that the internal state of Russia is a menace to the world. Doubtless there is a wide difference between "Stepniak" and Rossa; and these damning charges, of a very different kind from anything in Davitt's "Prison Life," are still unchallenged, and have been made by hundreds of independent witnesses. But the main difference is that while not even the wildest Nationalist suggests that we go to war to crush Ireland, sober statesmen are pretty much of the opinion with which these two volumes begin—and end, that "an absurd, bloody, and useless war is the desperate expedient of a thoroughly bewildered Government to restore its lost prestige." This feeling gives significance to the thrilling pictures of the terrors of prison life, the living death of the Troubetskoi ravelin, the miseries of "administrative exile," the terrorism exercised over the Universities, which take up so large a part of "Stepniak's" book. We had heard a good deal of all this before; "Stepniak" has been for some time carrying on his campaign in the *Times*, in the *Contemporary Review*, and elsewhere. Those of us, too, who have friends in Russia know that his pictures of the universal corruption, and of the spy system and the consequent atmosphere of suspicion, are not a whit too highly coloured. As to the former, the Emperor Nicholas used to say to his son: "There are two honest men in all Russia, you and I." The latter puts the most harmless family at the mercy of a discharged servant, or a *chantagiste* who is refused black mail. But what "Stepniak" insists on is: first, the danger to other States of an army of a million of soldiers left to the caprice of a despot who has been carefully brought up in hardly realisable ignorance of the condition of his country, and who is "short of intellectual power;" next the immense importance of bringing European public opinion to bear on the subject. This is the only thing which the Russian bureaucracy dreads; and the dread, says "Stepniak," is not simply due to the need which Russia has of standing well with foreign money-markets. When the French papers said Hessa Helfmann had been done to death in prison, her cell was thrown open to foreign reporters that they might see she was still alive. When, last December, leaders on Russian prisons appeared in the *Times*,

* "Russia under the Czars." By "Stepniak," author of "Underground Russia." (2 vols. London: Ward and Downey.)

the Russian press "spread absurd libels about the Nihilists from whom England was getting her information." How has Russia got into this state—a state for which "Stepniak" sees no remedy but force? Read his opening chapters on "The Mir," "The Vetchie," "The Making of the Despotism," the substitution under Peter the Great of a military despotism for the old theocracy, and you can hardly escape the conclusion that there is something in Slav institutions which smooths the way for autocracy. "Stepniak" emphatically denies that the Slav loves despotism, but yet he is forced to accept the paradox that the village parliaments, for all their *liberum veto*, have been one of its strongest bulwarks. Even after what has been written by Mr. Wallace and others, his brief historical conspectus is valuable and suggestive. It explains why a *narodnik* (sympathiser with revolutionists) always begins by hating the Church. It points out how the vast size of the country and the poverty of the great centres—making concerted action impossible—account for the steady growth of absolutism. This, by the way, has been still more favoured by the non-existence of a *bourgeoisie*; "the Liberals are mostly small landowners and *ci-devant* nobles, and the peasants have not yet forgiven them the wrongs they have suffered at their forefathers' hands." What a comment on this is the fate of the Nihilist landlord in Tourgenieff's "Terres Vierges," seized and delivered over to the police by the very peasants whom he was haranguing. Tourgenieff and "Stepniak," indeed, illustrate one another. Naturally the novelist tells nothing of the worst side—the life in a Yakout hut, for instance (fancy the flower of a nation being brutalised by treatment of that kind); the riot provoked in a Siberian prison that the governor may account for several escapes, due to his gross negligence, by saying "the rules were too easy;" the hunger-strikes—prisoners starving themselves to death; the coarse tyranny with its petty tortures; the comic side of the affair—as when of two Belousoffs the wrong one is seized, and can't be set free, for the State can't own to a mistake; but is told to go into exile, and in a little while to petition for a recall! But how scathingly Tourgenieff describes the kind of villainy which in "Stepniak's" book culminates in such an arch scoundrel as Rykov; and how many of his characters might easily develop into such monsters as Iliachevitch and Stretnikoff. The author of "Underground Russia" writes partly from personal experience, partly from the mouths of other sufferers. Mr. W. Westall's translation is admirably done; but the closing chapter, written in English by the author, shows that he can get on pretty well without a translator. He tells us that the terrorists have done their work, and that what his party now look forward to is military insurrections like that of December, 1825. These, he admits, are far harder than attempts against the person of a Czar; but he claims to have already "acquired great adherence in the army." The first Napoleon prophesied that before the end of the century Europe would be either democratic or Cossack. If, in throwing itself upon the mountain barrier of India, the Russian Empire gets broken up into a set of republics like Novgorod the Great, his prophecy will have found an unexpected fulfilment. We have said nothing of the book as a book, because, being "Stepniak's," it is of course as interesting as a novel. We fear its thrilling details are true as well as sensational.

A SCOTCH MIST

How mean, unstarched, and dragged man looks in the rain! From the window of a dismal Highland inn that has been pushed upstairs by a more flourishing trade in leather I look down upon my fellow-creatures scurrying along the village streets, the jauntiness washed from their clinging garments by a soaking sheet of drizzle. There is no rattle of spluttering rain against the sill nor dancing of diamond drops on the running roofs, but blobs of water gather on the window, and reel topheavy down the panes of glass. A transparent body of vapour fills the square, loosening the stones and choking the drains, a floating cloud resting on the dispirited earth. If you could wring the sodden streets in your hands, how freely they would shed their tears.

The poor square is empty but for a vegetable-cart that rests heavily on its shafts, the lean collie tied to its wheel whining and shivering underneath. Coarse sacks, in which pools of water gather, cover the pimpled potatoes, and the bundles of spongy greens turn to manure in their lidless barrels. The eyes of the whimpering dog never leave a black close, over which hangs the sign of the Bull, probably the refuge of the hawk. At long intervals a farmer's gig rumbles and jostles across the ill-paved square and out of sight, or the street echoes to the slouching strides of an acclimatised native. The few doleful English tourists in the village may be known by their kilts. An occasional umbrella peeps reluctantly out of doors, scours up the street, and vanishes. The decorous draper, who also deals in stationery, comes to his door to scan the leaden sky, and ventures a few yards from the pavement to note the effect of his new arrangement in scarfs and sunshades. Planted against his short-legged table, the white aproned butcher looks on with interest and wipes his knife on the sawdust floor, like a man glad to relieve his feelings. The attenuated tinsmith brings out his steps, and mounting them stealthily, removes the saucepans and pepperpots that dangle limp on a wire above his signboard. Cautiously he peers up and down and across the square, with the jangling things in his arms, as if uncertain whether a mere tinsmith has a right to do as he likes with his own. Perhaps he is looking for a customer, a fretting housewife, who must have a flagon though she has to swim for it. A coalman's cart tinkles in some neighbouring wynd. The pulling-to of the tinsmith's door shuts out the glimmer of foggy light that showed dimly in his solder-strewn workshop, and the thickening cloud presses more and more heavily on the drunken glutted earth.

It is a stubborn, drenching Scotch mist, a wet blanket warranted to cling to the earth for another forty-eight hours. Not a rain that pauses undecided in its course, as if very little would turn it either way, or that rattles fiercely on the pavement, desirous to be down and done with it; not an occasional clattering shower, as though the clouds had quarrelled and refused to work together, with intermittent gleams of sunshine enticing them to make it up; but a dreary, eternal drizzle with particles so fine that, but for your dripping garments, you might question if it rained at all. A sullen, spiritless mist twines round you, soaking you to the bone, with no joy in its labour. To take an illness during a Scotch mist is to succumb to dampness and depression. To save your life you could not see the rain falling; it even soaks the tinsmith's goods without a patter of sound. The dog has twisted his chain on the cart wheel and yelps sharply, his tail between his legs. As if in response, there comes a snarling and a rushing of other dogs. A terrified fox terrier tears down the square with the butcher's retriever, shaggy Scotch terriers, a mastiff, and half a score of crafty collies at his flashing heels. A bumptious stranger, doubtless, being taught his place. For two seconds the square shakes to an invasion of dogs; they shoot across the street, and when shadows hurry to the opposite windows there is again only one dog in sight. He has hardly cast a wistful glance after his fellows, but stands shivering and bleary-eyed beneath the slobbery cart. The rain has washed the viciousness out of a whining mongrel.

The damp fog, squeezed to water against harder substances, blackens the mason-work at the window until it finds its pores and sinks into the stone. I have not spoken to a man to-day who has gone the length of admitting that it is wet. My landlord, whose house is full since my arrival, there only being one bed with its proper share of sheets and blankets in the establishment, purses up his mouth when asked for a word of weather-wisdom, and screwing his bushy gray brows all round his eyes, opines that it is "soft."

Two drouthy natives meet in front of the butcher's shop, and stopping to interchange civilities, despite the rain, forget to move on again. My eyes rest interestedly on this green spot in the desert, and I note one stretching forth his hands as if to catch the rain-drops. Their bare heads might have told them what they wished to know. By and by they cross to my side of the square, and straining my neck I see them enter the inn. Not casually, after the manner of exquisites who drop in languidly at bars because they happen to be passing that way, nor with the unseemly haste of the shameless toper, but slowly and thoughtlessly, like men under the impression that they are entering their own houses, and who will only call for a "mutchin," after they have discovered their mistake, out of consideration for the landlord. They hobble into the room where I yawn away the day and regard with interest the picture of the Anchor Line steamer suspended over the mantelpiece. The only other work of art on the cheerless walls represents a little boy in a velvet suit sitting on a fallen tree. It is entitled "Boyhood of John Bunyan." I find I have wronged my man, and that the stretching forth of the arm was involuntary. Those old gentlemen had been standing bareheaded in the rain discussing the immortality of the soul. But now that I mention the weather, one allows that it is "spittin' awa'," and the other "widna wonder but what it was making for rain." I shudder, and turn again to the window.

The draper is out once more, to view some further internal arrangements. On the signboard above him, his own signboard, too, the water has collected in great drops. If I were nearer I could hear them relinquishing their slippery hold, and plumping one by one on the pavement. In the midst of the shower of watery bullets that fall heavily on every side poses the indefatigable draper, now signing orders to a shadowy subordinate within, and again relapsing into a thoughtful silence. He is wearing away his life in an agony of fear, lest the blue scarfs are at the wrong side of the window for harmonising with the ladies' pinafores. The question is, how long will he remain there without receiving a raindrop on his curly head? They splash against his sleeves, they trickle down his coat, they make a puddle at his feet, they run along the sign, and steadying themselves over his curls, fall straight and fair. But the aim is misjudged, or the draper possesses a charmed life. A footstep echoes in the square, and he starts from his reverie in the rain to disappear inside his shop and await with oily smile a possible customer. A blob of more than ordinary magnitude rushes after him along the sign, and taking a hurried aim, drops foiled on his heel. The place his feet have just vacated sparks with raindrops that have gauged too late the exact spot, and vindictively take it out of the unresponsive stone.

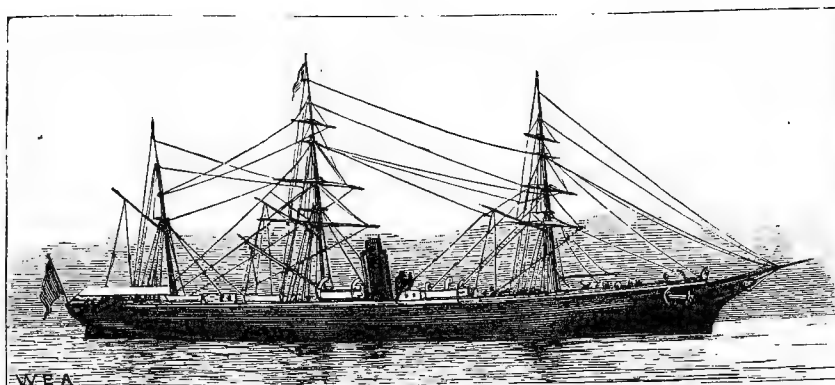
The drizzle becomes more oppressive, or the feeble lights in the shops across the way better reveal the cloud. Through a mist I see a dejected youth stumbling from one shop to another, and wonder what he can expect to get from the tinsmith that the butcher is out of, till I make up my mind that he is only a spiritless boy in quest of change. A shadow hand from the draper's shop pushes a placard out of doors, where it drips and hangs its head in folds, and gradually turns to pulp. The slowly gathering raindrops gallop down my window till I only see indistinctly between their blurred and watery channels. In the soaking square only the baying of a deserted dog.

J. M. B.

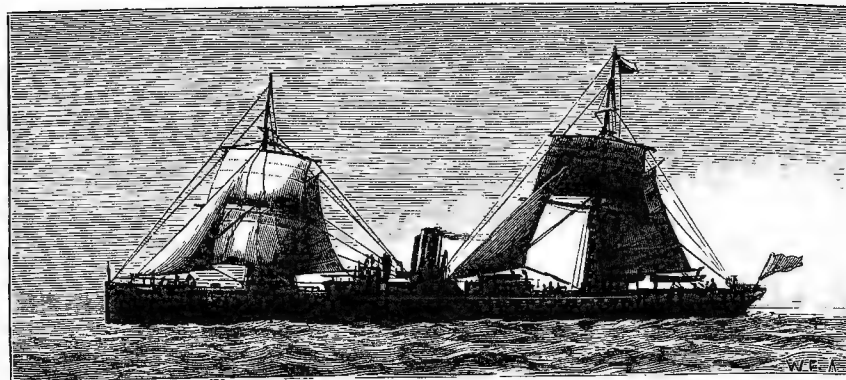


MR. RICHARD JEFFERIES' latest book, "After London; Or, Wild England" (Cassell and Co.) is a curious one. It is one of those romances of the future which it has often pleased imaginative writers to construct; but, unlike the late Lord Lytton, who, in "The Coming Race," looked forward to a triumph of intellect over matter, Mr. Jefferies tells of the decline of England and its relapse into barbarism. How long after our own day the relapse into barbarism is to begin Mr. Jefferies does not say: his book opens at a time when the civilisation of to-day was merely legendary, when England was covered with a great forest, and a vast lake occupied the Midland counties. "The old men say their fathers told them that soon after the fields were left to themselves a change began to be visible. It became green everywhere in the first spring, after London ended, so that all the country looked alike." By the thirtieth year after the country was left to itself there was not one single open place. Gradually, as the weirs and dams on the rivers fell into decay, the fields were flooded, and the streams, carrying with them huge logs and piles which acted like battering-rams, swept away the bridges of iron and stone erected by "the ancients." By changes of the sea level and by the gradual accumulation of wreckage brought down by the river the mouth of the Thames became silted up, and the water began to overflow into the deserted streets of London, and by its force burst up the drains, and the houses fell in. "For this marvellous city, of which such legends are related, was after all only of brick, and when the ivy grew over and trees and shrubs sprang up, and lastly, the waters underneath burst in, this huge metropolis was soon overthrown." Wild animals abounded, and tribes of bushmen and gipsies roamed the country warring upon the more peaceable inhabitants. The site of London became a fetid marsh where no man could venture. All this Mr. Jefferies describes in much detail, and with great imaginative power. The second part of the book, "Wild England," narrates the adventures of a young noble, Felix Aquila, who explores in a canoe the shores of the Great Lake, and even penetrates for some distance into the marsh which covers Old London. Every detail of the life in the England which is to be wrought with admirable finish, and with that easy mastery of language which makes Mr. Jefferies one of the most charming writers of our time. The end of the book, however, and indeed much of that part which deals with the adventures of Felix and his love for Aurora, seems to us obscure and ill-contrived. It may be that Mr. Jefferies has aimed at some kind of allegory. If so, we fail to take his meaning. This very obscurity, however, may be to some an additional charm.

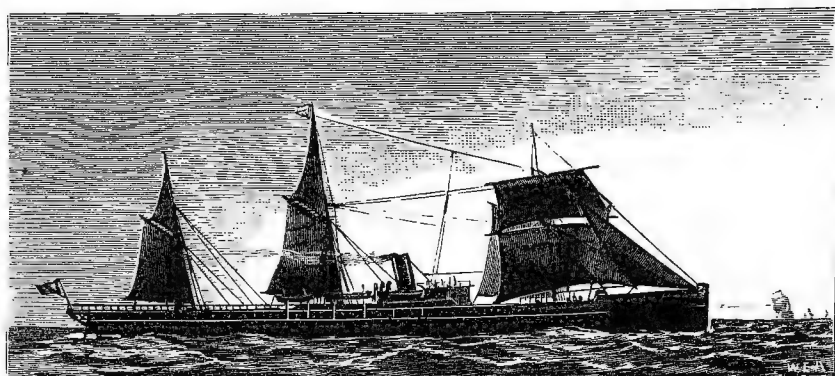
The anonymous book called "Society in London" (Chatto and Windus) seems to have caused a little ripple of curiosity and excitement. It is a smart, flashy performance of the kind that every one condemns and every one reads. From internal evidence it seems clear that the "Foreign Resident," who claims the authorship, has adopted that title merely to conceal his identity. If, indeed, a foreigner has written the book, he owes much to the English friend who has given balance to his phrases, and pointed his sentences. As regards the matter, it is for the most part mere shallow impertinence. We know not with whom to sympathise most—those to whom the "Foreign Resident" toadies with unctuous praise, or those whom he stabs with easy innuendo. The "Foreign Resident" boasts in his closing sentences that he has raked up no family scandals, that he has profaned the mysteries of no domestic hospitality. The boast, such as it is, may be allowed. There are good reasons why the "Foreign Resident" should sometimes hold his hand; and he has skilfully managed to keep within the line of safety. His pages, however, abound with indecencies of the most inexcusable sort. What purpose, save that of spiteful scandal, is served by saying of a certain officer that "his chief talent has been displayed in picking the brains of capable subordinates;" of a great



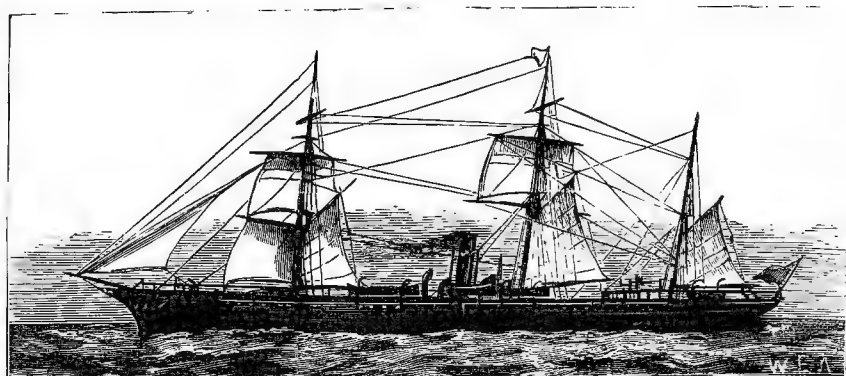
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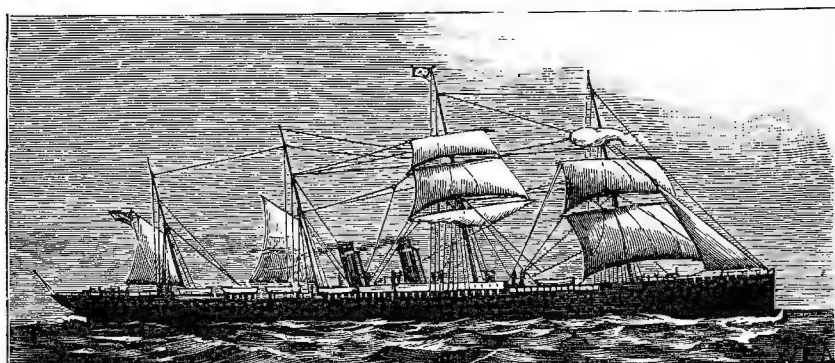
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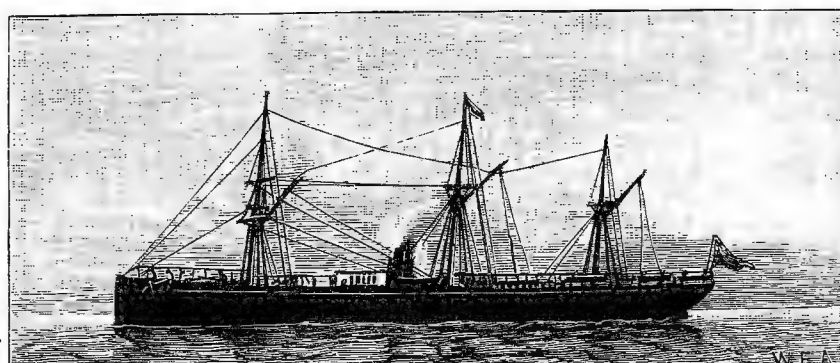
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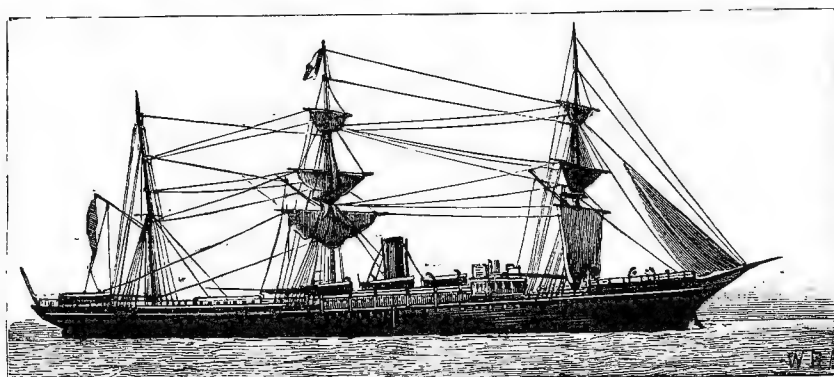
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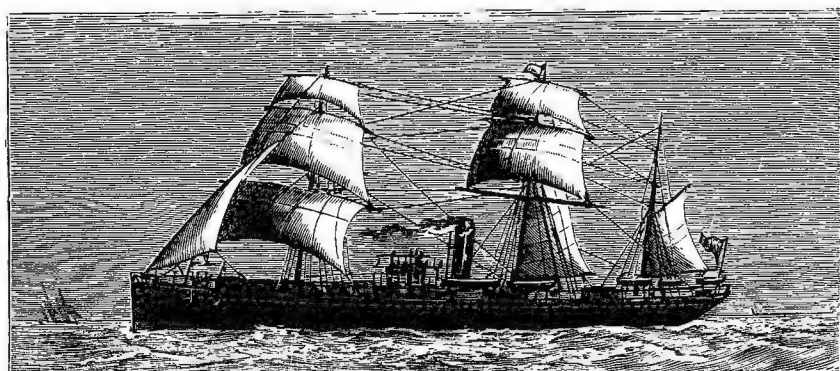
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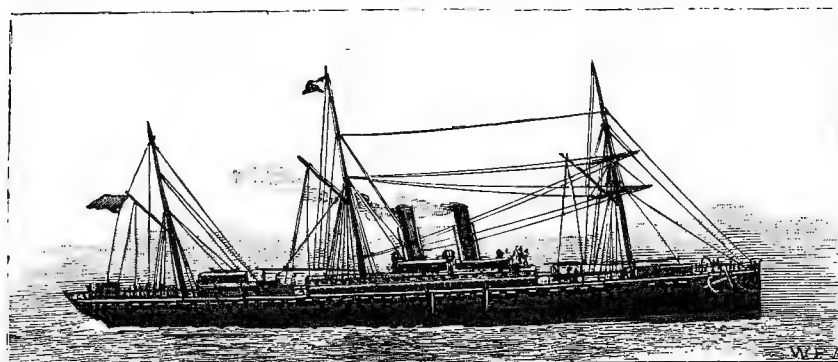
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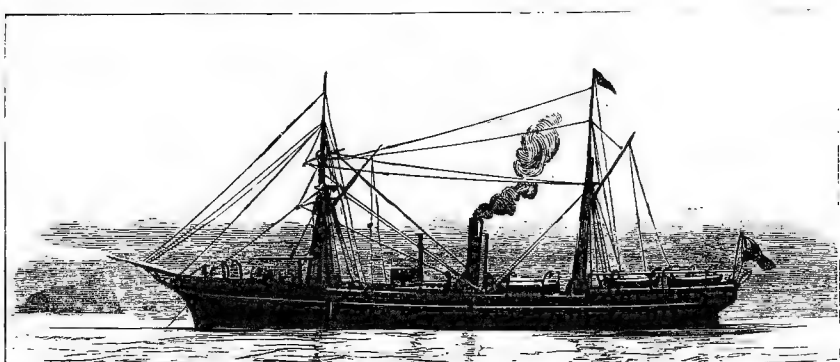
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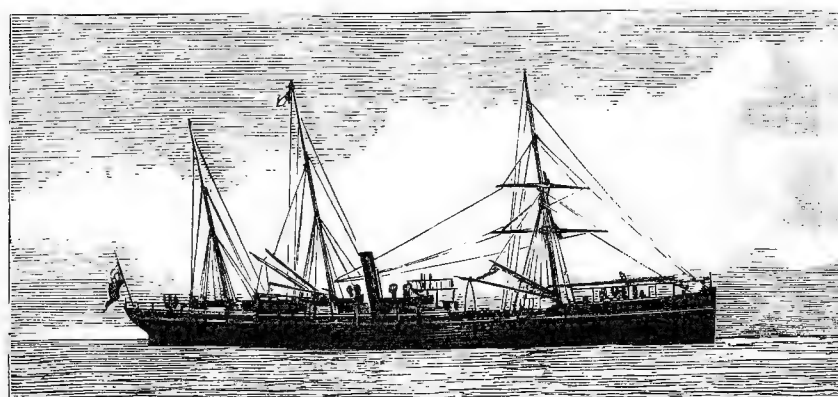
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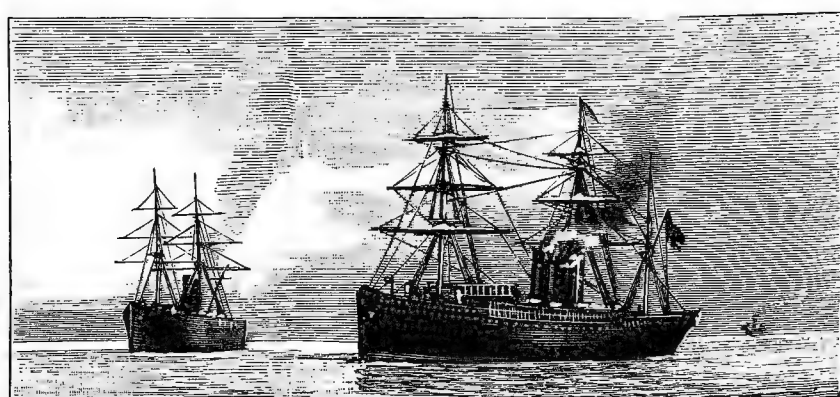
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"GEELONG"



"ROSETTA"

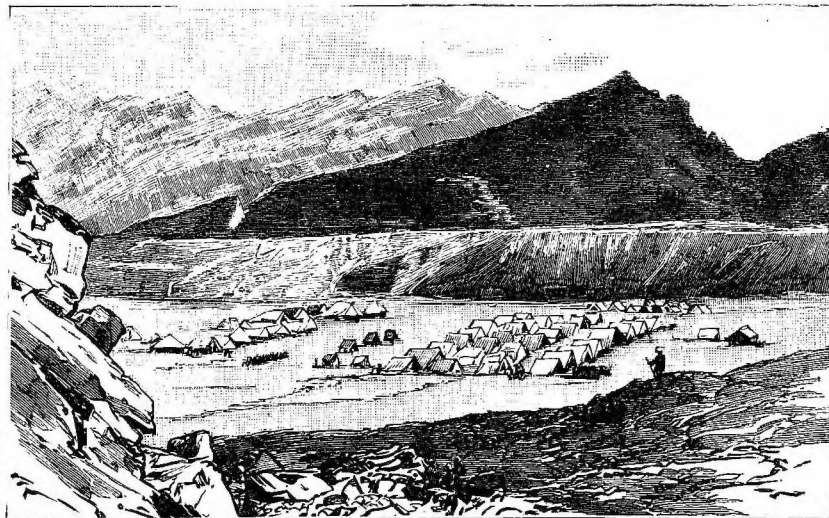


"UMBRIA" AND "ETRURIA"

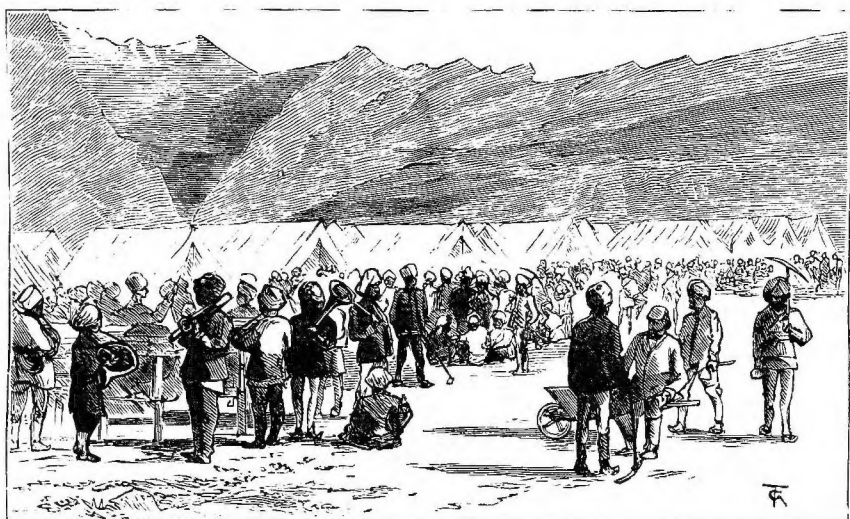
SHIPS OF THE P. AND O., CUNARD, ORIENT, UNION, AND GUION LINES TAKEN OVER BY THE GOVERNMENT TO ACT AS ARMED CRUISERS IN THE EVENT OF A WAR WITH RUSSIA



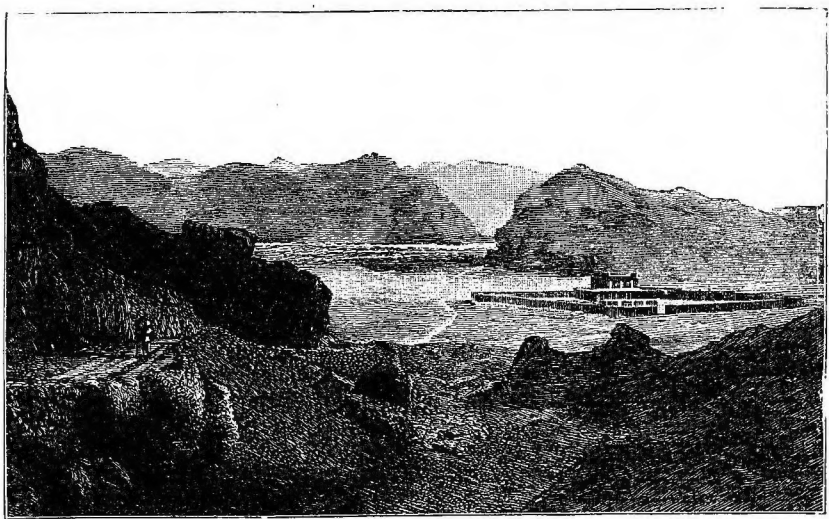
MEN OF THE 32ND PUNJAUB PIONEERS LEAVING OFF WORK FOR THE DAY



CAMP OF THE 32ND PUNJAUB PIONEERS AT KELAT-I-KILA



CAMP OF THE 32ND PUNJAUB PIONEERS AT KELAT-I-KILA—MEN RECEIVING WORKING PAY



KELAT-I-KILA BUNGALOW

THE AFGHAN FRONTIER DIFFICULTY—VIEWS ON THE QUETTA-CANDAHAR RAILWAY IN THE HURNAI VALLEY



CAVALRY SPORTS BY THE EIGHTH (KING'S ROYAL IRISH) HUSSARS BEFORE THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT AT MEERUT, INDIA

writer that he is "as much a courtier, even parasite, by profession, as he is a poet;" of an actress "there could not be more of self-consequence in her bearing if she were a duchess;" of two statesmen that they are "bourgeois nonentities whom Disraeli used to find convenient as a foil?" Yet all this silly stuff will be eagerly read, and we shall doubtless hear of a third, and perhaps a fourth, edition of "Society in London."

Mrs. F. Fenwick Miller's monograph on "Harriet Martineau" (W. H. Allen and Co.), is in many respects the best of the "Eminent Women Series." It has not the fire of Miss Robinson's "Emily Brontë," the eloquence of Vernon Lee's "Countess of Albany," or the psychological interest of Miss Blind's "George Eliot;" but as a well-balanced, clear, and judicious study of a remarkable life it deserves to rank with any of the biographies mentioned. There is no need here to reopen the painful domestic controversy raised by Dr. Martineau in the *Daily News* soon after the publication of this book. On the point at issue it appeared to us that Mrs. Fenwick Miller established her case. The curious episode of Harriet Martineau's long and desperate illness and her ultimate cure by mesmerism is treated judiciously. Mrs. Fenwick Miller simply states the facts; but she adds:—"It is sufficient to add that only those who are unaware of the profundity of our ignorance (up to the present day) about the action of the nervous system, and still more about what *life* really is, can be excused for rash jeering and hasty incredulity in such a case as this."

Mr. John Nixon visited the Transvaal more than once for the benefit of his health. In 1880 he returned and went at once to Pretoria. There he remained until the outbreak of the Boer Rebellion. During the siege of Pretoria by the Boers Mr. Nixon was employed in some capacity in the Commissariat, and he had excellent opportunities of knowing all that took place. From his diaries, from his knowledge of the country and of events, and from the ordinary sources of information, Mr. Nixon has been able to compile a useful volume, which he publishes under the title of "The Complete Story of the Transvaal" (Sampson Low and Co.). Mr. Nixon is of those historians who do not claim impartiality. He has strong opinions, which he expresses without restraint. Yet we do not find that he anywhere distorts or conceals facts to suit his own views. He is indignant at the retrocession of the Transvaal to the Boers, and declares that it was Mr. Gladstone who caused all the trouble by his mischievous Midlothian speeches. The book is clear and straightforward, and may be studied with profit by those wishing to master one view of the troublesome Transvaal question.

An amusing, unaffected book is "Adventures in Serbia," by Dr. Alfred Wright (W. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.) It narrates the adventures of two English medical students who went to Serbia in 1876 to do ambulance work, and perhaps a little fighting. They had plenty of both, and after a number of adventures the author returned safely to England. It is interesting to note that all the Russian officers with whom Dr. Wright talked—and he reports several conversations with them—spoke as if a war with England were inevitable sooner or later, and they confidently expected that in that war Russia would be easily victorious. Dr. Wright does not pretend that all his adventures are narrated exactly as they occurred. But his inventions are by no means outrageous, and he writes frankly and pleasantly.

Mr. H. Sutherland Edwards tells us in his preface to "Russian Projects Against India" (Remington and Co.) that his book has not been written under the impression of recent events in connection with the Afghan frontier, but that it has been the labour of eight or nine years. At any rate, its publication now is very timely, and Mr. Edwards's method of letting the Russians speak for themselves, whenever possible, is an effective one. Beginning with Peter the Great, he tells the tale of the gradual Russian advance towards the Afghan frontier, and concludes with Skobelev's suggestions for the invasion of India. There is, perhaps, nothing in Mr. Edwards's book which is new, but the presentation of the facts in ordered sequence is valuable. The conclusion forced on the mind, undoubtedly, is that many Russian diplomatists and generals look forward with certainty to an attack on India at some future time. Whether a life and death struggle between England and Russia for the possession of India be really "inevitable" or not is the next great question which England has to face.

There are four new pamphlets on General Gordon—"Gordon, the Christian Hero: a Service of Sacred Song" (A. Kingdon and Co.); "Observations on the Holy Communion, by General Gordon" (Southampton: G. Buxey, *Observer* Office); "The Life and Work of General Gordon at Gravesend," by W. E. Lilley (A. Kingdon and Co.); and "General Gordon: His Life and Character," by G. W. Bacon (G. W. Bacon and Co.). Mr. Lilley's work gives glimpses of Gordon as he lived and worked among the poor of Gravesend, with many interesting personal traits, and quotations from Gordon's letters. This little work has the advantage of Miss Gordon's approval. Mr. Bacon's book gives compactly the story of General Gordon's life up to his death at Khartoum.

THE OLD ACTOR

FOR some years now "the old actor" has been a term of reproach or ridicule, more especially in the theatrical profession. There is a stereotyped make-up for him upon the stage, where he is usually represented as a sort of Ally Sloper, with cadaverous cheeks and a red bibulous nose, a high forehead with long lank hair, and of course a closely-shaven face; his linen is either invisible or frayed, limp, and fog-dried; he wears a threadbare, rusty frock-coat closely buttoned, rather tight trousers, patched and wrinkly; broken boots, and a shocking bad hat, rakishly tilted over one ear; everything about him denotes his antipathy to soap and water; he has a frowning eye, speaks from the pit of his stomach, walks with a ghost-like stalk, and is invariably hungry and impecunious.

Fifteen or twenty years ago, when Bow Street was the headquarters of dramatic agents, you might have seen on a summer's day half-a-dozen men who would have more or less justified this portrait, hanging about the south-east corner of the street, sometimes leaning upon an iron post that used to stand there, with a Hamlet-like melancholy, waiting for engagements, or a "brother pro," or lay friend who was strong enough in funds to stand a glass of bitter or a two of gin. Towards afternoon the aspect of scowling dejection would give place to despotic haughtiness, the angle at which the hat was poised would be increased from an obtuse to an acute, the smouldering fire of the nose would glow again, and you would see our typical man holding forth to a knot of admiring youngsters, raw, shabby-looking youths, "Utills," whose greatest ambition was to be some day like unto him. His talk would be all about his triumphs; how he had brought down the house in Hamlet; how, on his benefit night, the theatre was besieged hours before the doors were opened; how the critic of Slush-in-the-Hole had pronounced his Richard to be greater than Edmund Kean's, his Hamlet superior to Macready's; how he ought to be playing Shakespeare at Drury Lane; in fine that he was a magnificent fortune going begging because the blind stupidity of London managers could not perceive his genius. For the actors who then held the London stage he would express the most supreme contempt. They were all incompetents, who trembled at his name, and banded together to keep him out of the metropolis. After ranting to country audiences as long as he had any lungs, he would, as a rule, sink down to playing first ruffians at one of the large West End houses, still despising every one who had entered the profession since the days of "Mr. Macready, sir," and to his last hour most potently and powerfully believing that, if he had only had the chance, he could have taken

the town by storm. All old actors, however, were not of this type. Men of education, high talent, and good family, men who were received in society and universally respected, were to be found in the ranks of the theatrical profession before the days when every shoddy swell imagines that he does the stage an honour by treading it.

A too great fondness for the cup that cheers and also inebriates was the curse of the old actor. In country theatres, even twenty years ago, it was a looked-for event on Saturday nights that one member of the company—and a principal one—would be unable to appear, and it was quite a relief to the anxious manager when his anticipations were at fault. Even the London stage was not free from such disgraceful *contretemps*, as the lives of George Frederick Cooke, Edmund Kean, and in later times of Gustavus Brooke, will testify. To this list might be added many a name familiar to the present playgoers—the names of actors who, but for this failing, would have attained the very highest positions in their profession. We may instance Charles Dillon, one of the finest melodramatic actors that ever trod the stage, and of no mean powers in several legitimate parts. Many will remember the profound impression he created as *Belshazzor* at the Lyceum some thirty years ago. No more pathetic performance was ever witnessed. But many more will remember him when he played Manfred at the Princess's—a mere wreck. Still, in justice to the old actor, it must be remembered that drunkenness was a vice common to all professions and all callings, but that it is in the very nature of the actor's that it should be more conspicuous in his than in any other; and while Mr. Jones, the barrister, lawyer, doctor, grocer, or baker might drink himself into a state of coma every evening of his life, and be put to bed without any person beyond his immediate circle being a whit the wiser, the least dereliction from the paths of sobriety upon the part of Mr. Brooke or Mr. Dillon would each night be observed by a thousand eyes, and reported next day to five thousand ears.

"I don't want a man who can act, but one who will do what I tell him," was poor Tom Robertson's axiom at the Prince of Wales's, for he had a horror of the typical old actor, and in that particular theatre under his particular stage management the axiom worked very well. Robertson was a pre-Raphaelite stage manager, he went back to the first principles of the art, he was a wholesale reformer, a revolutionist who swept away a mass of antiquated traditions and absurd conventionalities in every department of stage craft; before his time a nobleman's drawing-room would be represented by a pair of garishly painted "flats" with open "wings," a table in the centre, half-a-dozen shabby chairs, and a sofa—if the business of the scene required it—not otherwise; if the actor represented a military or naval officer he was invariably dressed in white trousers, a blue coat with brass buttons, and a sword by his side, correct enough a century ago; there was a stereotyped dress for the light comedian, who always wore a very curly, wiggy, fair wig, buff waistcoat, blue frock, and light tightly-strapped trousers; another for the "old man," to whom a dress coat with brass buttons and kerseymere continuations were a *sine quâ non*. It was equally de *rigueur* that the sentimental hero should be attired in funeral black, that the low comedian should wear a suit of glaring colours, such as in real life had never been seen upon human back. The ladies had likewise their uniform. The *ingénue* was always in white muslin, the *soubrette*, though the daughter of a ploughman, in silk stockings, the thinnest of shoes, a tuck-up bed-pattern-dress, and a muslin apron, scarcely large enough for a pocket-handkerchief, decorated with satin bows. Then each character had its particular style of delivery. The sentimental man mouthed, the comedian chirped, the old man stormed, the heroine whined.

I think I hear some praiser of times present, after reading this description, triumphantly exclaim, "And yet you talk of your old actors!" But these conventionalisms were the dregs of a school that had once been admirable. A quarter of a century ago acting had become a mere slavish imitation of past models. The tragedian who rushed about the stage, ranted, rolled his eyes, started, spoke in a hoarse tone, and ran the gamut with sudden transitions, from the high falutin to the commonest "how d'ye do" utterances, without one spark of the genius that rendered all this natural in the original, fancied he was reproducing Edmund Kean; another, because he growled and paused, fancied himself William Macready. And so it came to pass that every actor, whether tragic or comic, took a certain model which he slavishly copied in tone, make-up, business, every particular, without any regard to those changes which are perpetually taking place in the conditions of every art. In costume it was the same. When these models held the stage old gentlemen wore blue coats and brass buttons, and kerseymeres, officers were to be seen in their uniforms in private life, dashing young men wore their hair curled, and tightly-buttoned blue frocks. The *soubrette* in silk stockings was a memory of the Watteau days, and so on. But while fashions changed in real life they remained stationary on the stage.

The great actors of former times would produce as great an impression nowadays as they did in their own, because genius and originality are never antiquated; whatever is the outcome of the idiosyncrasy of a man of genius, or even of high talent, strikes at once a sympathetic chord in every intellectual mind. When a man delivers a declamatory speech with dreary pauses and stilted utterance, and tells you that is the Kemble style, you naturally remark that it would never do now. But you might as well take the skeleton of a Lovelace, and say women would not adore that sort of thing nowadays. You may reproduce the peculiarities of John Kemble, but where are the genius, the noble features, the classic dignity, and the nameless something that constitutes originality, in which the whole charm consisted? I have witnessed admirable imitations of Mr. Irving given to people who have never seen him, and heard them exclaim, "Well, if that is like Irving, I have no wish to see him." And our sceptical grandchildren will pooh-pooh the traditions of *The Bells* and *Louis XI.* much the same as we do those of Kemble or Macready. An original writer like Robertson, or an original actor like Mr. Irving, creates a taste for his peculiar style, and for a time the public believe that the last word has been said on theatrical art, until spurious imitators nauseate us with travesties of our idols and new ones arise.

H. B. B.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

AN elegant little volume of verse, deserving considerable praise, is "Thoughts and Remembrance," by Emily Leith (Glasgow: David Bryce). Some of the pieces have, it would seem, appeared in well-known magazines. Throughout the contents there is apparent a spirit of strong and unaffected piety which, joined to graceful, if slight, fancy and a musical style, cannot fail to recommend Miss Leith's verse to a wide circle of readers. Specially pleasing are the legendary ballads, "The Goblet of Kirk Merlugh," "Dreamland," "Upwards," "The Two Roses," and "A Dream in Spring,"—in which last-named the play of fancy is most agreeable. But we must counsel the fair author to use a little more care and accuracy: "torn" does not rhyme with "gone;" "Lenten Lilies," *i.e.*, daffodils, are not *white*; and it is an unpleasant surprise to find so refined a writer committing such a vulgarism as to use "like" for "as!" This last goes far to mar an otherwise admirable poem, viz., "Upwards," and positively renders the sense of a passage ambiguous on a first reading:

A strange new hope began to stir his heart,
Which, like a thirsty plant in the dew,
Drank that sweet music in.

Most readers will remember a little work, "The Triumph of Love," favourably noticed, some time since, in our columns; these will welcome a sequel which complete the train of thought originally started, viz., "The Triumph of Time," by Ella Dietz (E. W. Allen). In this are the same facility and grace of versification as in the opening volume, combined with a force of religious expression, fervent, though truly catholic, which at times amounts almost to passion in its utterances. The best piece in this direction is "The Virgin Mother," but most to our liking of anything in the volume is "The Valediction," which shows Miss Dietz to be a loving student of George Herbert. Very charming also are "The Song of the Dove," "World Weary," "Winged Sleep,"—suggestive of Moore, "The Autumn Song," and a sonnet called "Relenting." It must be said that throughout the poems there is an echo of the feeling embodied in Villon's pathetic refrain, "Ou sont les neiges d'autan?" but they are rescued from morbidity by their informing spirit of simple faith.

We had intended to draw attention, as a warning to would-be writers of comic verse, to some points in "Lyra Bicyclica: Sixty Poems on the Wheel," by Joseph G. Dalton (Boston, U.S.: E. J. Hodges), but abandoned the idea on discovering that the author had chosen as fitting subjects for parody two of the most solemn and beautiful of English hymns, viz., "Rock of Ages" and "The Son of God goes forth to War." And these outbursts of bad taste and profanity as puffs of the bicycle!

The new volume of "The Canterbury Poets" contains a good selection from Wordsworth's works, edited by Andrew James Symington (Walter Scott). The prefatory essay is well and sensibly written, though obviously the production of a thorough-going advocate.

There is nothing calling either for praise or blame in a little volume of weak verse, which, in spite of its minute dimensions, contains the lucubrations of two several brains, "Songs and Sonnets," by Maurice Francis Egan; "Carmina," by Condé Benoist Pallen (Kegan Paul). The verses are quite colourless.

"Actæon, and Other Poems," by "Bassanio" (Elliot Stock), is the work of a great admirer of the Poet Laureate, who, perhaps, carries his admiration to extremes; for instance, in reading "The Friends," one seems to remember a poem called "The Sisters," whilst the inspiration of the chief piece is sufficiently obvious, only Lord Tennyson would not have used such an extraordinary ellipsis as

a shaft,
Actæon loosed, and launched his mighty heart (sic).

It is a pity that the author did not confine himself to copying elder writers, for some of his imitations of Spenser—especially "Avarice" and "Devotion"—are really rather clever in their way.

A most meagre and unsatisfactory translation is "Othello: le More de Venise. Par William Shakespeare. Acte Premier. Traduit envers Français" par "E. R." de Londres, Membre Honoraire de la Société Nationale des Professeurs de Français en Angleterre (Hachette). The version is obviously intended for use in young ladies' schools.



MESSRS. PHILLIPS AND PAGE.—Most of our readers are acquainted with the beautiful hymn by Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart., "The King of Love My Shepherd Is," which is one of the most popular in the collection known as "Ancient and Modern." These words have been set to music with great effect by Charles Gounod, not only in the form of a song (published in four keys), but also as a vocal duet in E flat. This sweet melody will find favour with all who are admirers of refined music.—A song of sterling merit and full of tender pathos is "Ministering Children," written and composed by Rosa Carlyle and Leigh Kingsmill.—The same writer has supplied the dainty words for "My True Love Waits for Me," music by Walter Brooks—a pleasing song for a baritone.—One of the best and most original of its school is a "Gavotte in D" for the pianoforte, by Lynton Martel.—A merry and taking polka is "Je T'Adore," by Fabian Rose.—Most attractive is the frontispiece—the face of a lovely girl—which adorns "The Ivy Waltz;" the music by Fabian Rose, though somewhat lacking in originality, it is danceable, and the time well marked.

MESSRS. ROBERT COCKS AND CO.—A sacred song, which will take a foremost place in the home circle, is "No Cross, No Crown;" it is replete with true devotional feeling. The words are by Mrs. Hernaman, music by Alfred Redhead; it is published in F and in E.—No. I. of "Six School Songs," written and composed by Arthur Chapman and Alfred Redhead, is "The Holiday." Neither words nor music are above mediocrity.—There is a rage just now for patriotic effusions, the more boastful the better they are liked by some people. "Britain Against the World" is a national song, poetry by Thomas Hood, music by "P. Patria," which will meet the requirements of the most exacting patriots.—Both frontispiece and music of "R.S.V.P. Waltz," by Henri Dagobert, are pleasing and original.

MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON AND CO.—Quaint and out of the ordinary groove is a song for a contralto, entitled "The Abbess of the Rhine," a legend, written and composed by Wellington Guernsey; it tells of a golden-haired nun who is cured of singing out of tune by the abbess, who "raised her hand and struck her hearing," which at once caused her to sing "a god-like song." This is a somewhat peculiar remedy for a defect which is very general, and not so easily cured excepting by a miracle.—Nos. 22 to 24 of "Handel's Choruses for the Organ," with pedal obbligato by Henry Smart, were selected by that talented musician, and arranged by W. Spark; they are: "How Excellent" (*Saul*), "Blest Be the Man" (*Joseph*), and "My Heart Is Inditing" ("Coronation Anthem"). We can cordially recommend this series to the attention of organists.—"Popular Overtures Arranged for Two Violins" (without accompaniment) are very well done, but the effect is poor as an *ensemble*; for practice they will be found very good exercise. Nos. 7 to 12 are respectively "L'Irato" (Méhul), "Cosi fan Tutte," *Die Zauberflöte*, "Idomeneo," *Il Don Giovanni*, and *Il Seraglio* (Mozart).—A very attractive and melodious part-song, by Wellington Guernsey and J. G. Calcott, is "Up in the Morning" (S. A. T. B.).

MISCELLANEOUS.—A song which promises to be revived annually as the pretty little flower from whence it takes its name is "The Primrose Badge," written and composed by Arthur Chapman and Odoardo Barri; unlike most compositions for special anniversaries both words and music are of more than ordinary merit (Messrs. E. Ascherberg and Co.).—"A Serenade," with German and English words, the former by Friedrich Halm, the latter translated by Gerard Cobb, who has also composed the music, is a very fair specimen of its somewhat hackneyed school (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).—Two pretty love songs, the relatives of which we have met many times before, are, respectively, "At Sunset," words by "Rosa," music by Arthur W. Marchant (A. Cox), and "I Have Loved Thee, Gentle Maiden," written and composed by G. Haynes and James Fitzgerald (E. Donazowski).—"Gavotte in D" and "Mazurka in D Minor," by Ernest H. Wadmore, will please by their tunefulness; the former is much the better work of the two, rhythm of the latter is halting (C. B. Tree).

